

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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OCTOBER NUMBER FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.

THE October number of this beautiful and popular Magazine is unusually rich in fine engravings; tales richly illustrated; travels, scenes and customs copiously portrayed; while its reading matter is unusually varied, choice and amusing. An exciting and deeply interesting American story, written expressly for this work, is commenced in the October number.

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GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO.

NOTWITHSTANDING the efficiency of the fire department in nearly all American cities, fires sometimes break out and defy the utmost efforts of the firemen to subdue them.

Such an one, the most disastrous that ever occurred in Chicago, took place on the night of Thursday, the 15th of September last, which, before its progress could be arrested, totally destroyed four blocks and part of a fifth.

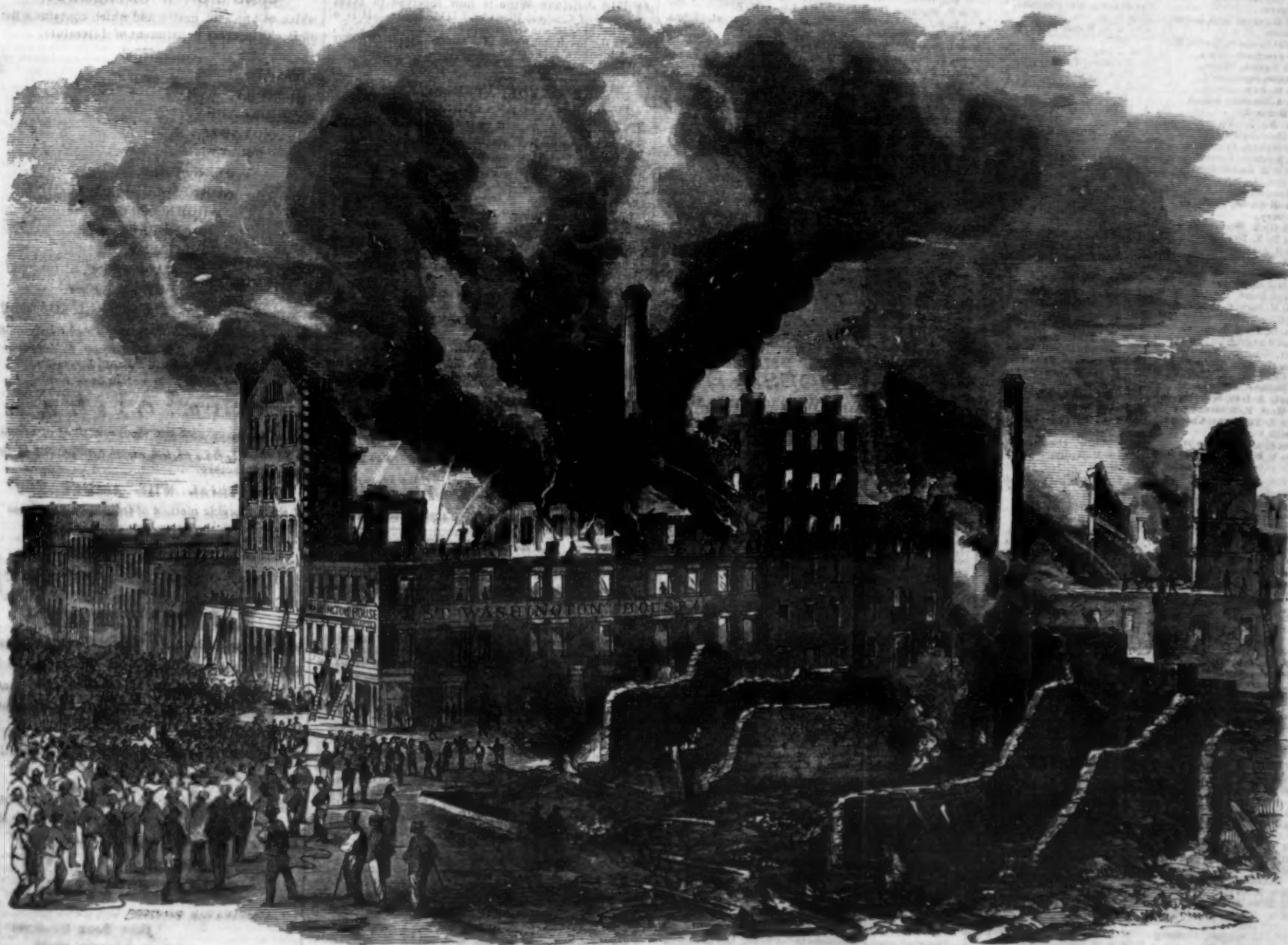
The fire was first discovered about half-past eight in a wooden stable, occupied by F. Merring & Co., and surrounded by a number of small wooden buildings and lumber yards.

A strong east wind was blowing at the time, which rapidly increased the flame, and before the fire department could get to work the whole of the combustible buildings adjoining were in a blaze.

The conflagration raged for six hours, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the firemen, and a square, embracing, as we have said, nearly five blocks, was destroyed.

Among the principal buildings destroyed are the Cleveland, Clinton, West Washington and Coghane Houses on Lake street; the Hydraulic Mills, Blatchford's Lead Works, the Vulcan Foundry, Rucker's Planing Mill, the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and Messrs. Lull, Sutherland, Ryerson & Miller's, and Avery's lumber yards.

On West Lake street twenty-one houses were destroyed; on Fulton street, ten houses; on Jefferson street, nine houses and a number of shanties; on Canal street, fourteen houses and several



THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 15, 1859.

lumber-yards; on Clinton street, twelve houses and manufacturing premises; and on Carroll street seven houses were destroyed. The total loss by this destructive fire amounts to about \$600,000. The ruins present a sad scene of devastation and misery.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

An Ancient Method of Voting.—The following is an extract from the laws of Massachusetts for 1643, showing how voting was managed in the olden times: "It is ordered by this court and the authority thereof, that for the yearly choosing of assistants, the freemen shall use the Indian corn and beans, the Indian corn to manifest election, the beans contrary; and if any freeman shall put in more than one Indian corn or bean, for the choice or refusal of any public officer, he shall forfeit for every such offence ten pounds."

A Female Cowhider.—Mrs. Wheelock, of Worcester, cowhided Mr. A. Messenger, a storekeeper on Main street. The Worcester Spy furnishes the following particulars of the affair:

"Main street was enlivened yesterday forenoon, about half past ten o'clock, and gossip was made very busy by an affair in which a woman used a cowhide with great effect. Mrs. Charles G. Wheelock assailed Mr. A. Messenger, who keeps an embroidery store at 112 Main street, and gave him a dozen or more smart blows with her whip. He was in the store or in the doorway when the attack was made, and a crowd gathered swiftly to see what was going on. The reason for this assault is given by Mrs. Wheelock as follows:

"She was passing quietly along Main street, she says, at the time stated, in front of Mr. Messenger's store, when, without having first uttered a word in relation to the matter, she was suddenly accosted, in an importunate manner, by Mr. Messenger, with the words, 'Are you going to pay me this bill? I am going to sue you for it every time I see you in the street.' On her remonstrating with him for daring her for so small an amount as eighty-seven cents in so public a manner, she stated that he turned to those standing or passing by on the sidewalk, and said to them, 'There goes a lady who refuses to pay her bills! See her fine dresses! &c., with other language of that character. She states that, feeling indignant, she proceeded at once to the nearest place where she could find an instrument to use, and she took a whip, and whipped him. 'And,' she adds, with emphasis, 'I would do it again.'"

An Amazon.—They have the tallest kind of a Women's Rights female in New Orleans. The Crescent of the 14th ult. has the following item: "Adelaide Butler, the fighting goddess of Dryades street, went on another spree on Monday night. Several weeks since we related how she fought the police, and how it took three or four men and a furniture wagon to get her to the lock-up. This time she was in a different humor. The officer who went to arrest her was a small-sized man, and feeling dubious as to undertaking the task alone, tapped for help. A second officer came, and he also was a small man. Adelaide, after looking down upon the two contemptuously, a moment or so, said, 'Well, boys, I'll go with you; but if you were men, I'd—d if you and I the police could take me.'"

Another Bank Defaulter.—The Fulton Bank has lately made the discovery that one of its clerks, a young man of twenty-eight, has expended about \$60,000 of the funds of the bank. It appears that being the son of the cashier, he had opportunity of not only helping himself but also of tampering with the accounts, by which, for nearly three years, his defalcations were concealed. The manner in which he got rid of his stolen money was the old one—he kept fast horses, and had a rapid young lady friend, for whom he furnished a brown stucco front house, and purchased costly jewellery, among which articles were diamond crosses, bracelets and other little brilliant fixings. He had also a very elegant stable, with carriages, wagons, sleighs and riding horses. Four of these quadrupeds cost \$20,000. One of the directors met him several months ago driving on the Bloomingdale road a first-rate team; but, as usual, thought all this could be done on \$900 per annum. It also appears that our fast bank clerk had a friend named Sparks, in whose name the stables were held. He surely must have known that there was something wrong in his young friend's conduct. The lady had to give up her house, furniture and jewellery, which appears to be rather hard; but the wages of sin—though jewellery at first—is death in the end.

New York Democrat.—This excellent German paper is now published every day in a double sheet. We are glad to record the success of Mr. Schneider. It is very important that our German fellow-citizens should be correctly informed of our national politics.

Brutal Outrage.—One day last week a most brutal assault was made upon the senior editor of the Daily News, Mr. G. F. Thomson. It appears that the Daily News had spoken very earnestly that morning against the new popular plan of nominating the candidates for office by means of a caucus, and by substituting the caucus for the caucus for office. We were under the impression that the proprietor of that paper, Mr. Wood, was not altogether averse to those knockdown arguments, but the soft impeachment is denied, and this assault upon his editor shows that the other party is equally to blame. The article in question—a very proper one—gave considerable offence to a Mr. MacCabe, who, entering the office of the Daily News, wished to know who wrote it. Upon Mr. Thomson referring the inquirer to his chief editor, Mr. Thomson, who unfortunately happened to be present, MacCabe dealt him some violent blows on the face, one of which, we understand, broke his nose, and then escaped in the morning. He was arrested afterwards, and held to bail. We trust Mr. Thomson will make an example of the ruffian.

The San Juan Difficulty.—The telegraph gives us news from San Juan to the 5th. It is fortunate that the Admiral commanding the British naval forces there is a man of more judgment than Governor Douglas, for he has positively refused to obey the Governor's orders till he hears from England. Five hundred American troops were on the island of San Juan. Earthworks had been thrown up, and the harbor of Victoria was commanded by the field piece. The island was in a complete state of defence. General Barney says he will call for volunteers from the Territories, if he is attacked. Barney had written a letter to Governor Douglas, to the effect that he had occupied the island to protect the Americans there from the insults of the British authorities of Vancouver's Island and the Hudson's Bay Company's officers. The British Admiral refused to obey the orders of Douglas to bring on a collision, and also refused to bring the British North Pacific fleet near the island. He says he will wait for orders from the Home Government, and disclaims all hostile intentions. The American and British officers were on friendly terms. The report of the massacre of troops in Oregon by the Indians is unconfirmed and discredited. We notice that Lord Palmerston's organ claims San Juan as British territory.

Street Murders.—Joseph W. Thornton, who shot Mr. Charles last June at St. Louis, and of which event we gave an accurate representation, has been convicted of murder in the first degree. Our readers will recollect the murder of Colonel Leroy by Dr. Graham at the St. Nicholas hotel, in this city, some four or five years since, and for which he was tried, and sentenced to the State prison. After a year's confinement, he was pardoned by the Governor. The same Dr. Graham has met his death at the hands of Mr. Toland, in a difficulty in New Orleans, on the 19th. The coroner held an inquest on the body of Toland, and the jury brought in a verdict exonerating Toland, declaring that he shot his opponent in self defence. There was also another street shooting at Richmond, Virginia, on Tuesday, the 26th, when Mr. Milton, of Louisiana, a slave dealer, shot Mr. Oliver Sims, the well known clerk of the Richmond Exchange.

Grand Chiropractic Performance.—A gentleman who has figured largely in the papers lately as a corn cutter, "that safe employ," as the author of the "Rejected Addresses" terms it, has lately been a conspicuous retreat, quite forgetting to pay his errand boy. This is a species of meanness eminently worthy of a man who has pined the toe nails of the crowned heads of Europe. As Samuel Weller says, "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" but for his regal acquaintances our chiropractic would never have descended so low as to cheat a poor lad out of twenty shillings.

Common Council Matters.—The evil result of electing such a man as McQueen to preside at our City Hall is becoming more and more evident every day. Last Wednesday, Councilman McCarthy was arrested, with half a dozen other rowdies, charged by a young custom-house officer, named O'Brien, with violently assaulting him. It would seem as though our city government had fallen into the hands of tavern brawlers and shoulder bitters. Even Irish hyphens is relapsing into his old Empire Club habits, for we understand that he went into the office of the Daily News, and after offering to lick the shoe of the establishment, from Parsons to the p.m. boy, he contented himself by a series of attacks, and telling them to stop his paper. We could hardly believe that he would do anything so childish. The legs of Bloomingdale and Mason Street ought to look after him.

Rev. Jacob Harden.—Our readers will no doubt remember that by reason of the portrait we published in our paper some months since, the Rev. Jacob Harden, who had fled from New Jersey, was apprehended at Wheeling in Virginia. He was put on his trial at the little village of Bolverside last week, but in consequence of the illness of Dr. Chittin the proceedings were adjourned till the present week. The blunders recently made in this country and in England by chemists compel us to warn justice how they take life on such very insufficient grounds, more especially where the evidence is circumstantial. It is charged against Harden that he poisoned his wife with arsenic, indicted secretly by love of another lady. He is only twenty-three. Judge Whelpley will preside at the trial. Early in October the trial of Mr. Wickham, another New Jerseyman, and a physician, will take place for the murder of a woman, in conjunction with her husband, to recover the insurance on her life.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The London representative of the Suez canal scheme had issued a pamphlet in which he asserts that the company, having commenced operations, are determined to continue them in spite of all opposition.

The Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia, quitted Portsmouth for Cronstadt in the frigate General Admiral.

The race for the Warwick cup was won by the American horse Sharke. There were only two other competitors.

The commission to inquire into the state of the national debt was at Portland on the 5th, and made a long inspection of the fortifications in progress there.

The article in the *Moniteur* is the subject of editorials in most of the London papers.

The London *Daily News* indignantly criticizes it, and analyzes in a credulous spirit the assertions it contains.

The London *Times*, in the same manner, remarks on the consistency of the Emperor in covering with reproaches the men to whom the destinies of Italy have been entrusted, because they believe him, and openly declaring to Austria that the *sine qua non* of Villafranca shall not be observed at all, but that as an offset she may treat Venice as she likes.

Another meeting between the Emperors of France and Austria was expected to take place in Switzerland.

The London *Times* has an editorial ridiculing the talk of the American slaveholders in regard to reviving the slave trade, and points to the renewed activity of the American Government to put down the trade as the best answer to the outcry.

The same journal also editorially points out the injustice of subsidizing the Cunard and Galway lines, and giving nothing to the Canadian enterprise. It argues that as long as the system lasts the Canadian line ought at least to share the Government patronage.

The latest Paris correspondence of the London *Times* says that much importance is attached to Prince Metternich's mission to St. Saver. One of its objects is said to have been the formation of an alliance between France and Austria, and its success was said not only to endanger the cause of Italian liberty, but to menace Europe.

It is asserted that the Papal troops continue to threaten the Legations; eight or nine thousand troops and twelve cannon were assembled at Pesaro.

The Belgian Senate had adopted the first article in the bill for the Antwerp fortifications, by thirty-four against fifteen.

The Central Association of Master Builders of London had determined to declare all their yards open to workmen on and after the 12th of September, provided the latter abide by the declaration against the trade combinations. This, it is presumed, will scarcely alter the situation of affairs.

FRANCE.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 9th publishes a long article explaining the reasons which caused the Emperor to conclude peace. The following is a summary:

"The Emperor of Austria had promised to grant concessions on a large scale to Venice, but requiring as a condition, *sine qua non*, the return of the Archdukes. The Emperor Napoleon accepted these conditions. It is easy to conclude that if, after the conclusion of peace, the destinies of Italy had been entrusted to men who had more at heart the future of their fatherland than the personal success, the aim of their endeavors would have been to develop, and not obstruct, the consequences of the treaty of Villafranca, and Venice would have been placed in the same position as Luxembourg with Holland."

"The Archduke will not be established by foreign forces, but that portion of the treaty of Villafranca not having been carried out, Austria will find herself freed from all engagements taken in favor of Venice. Instead of a policy of reconciliation and peace, defiance and hatred will be seen to reappear, which will entail fresh misfortunes. Much, it would appear, is expected from the Congress, which we hail with all our best wishes, but we strongly doubt if at the Congress would obtain better conditions for Italy. It would not be right to ask from the great Powers important concessions without offering equitable compensations. War would be the only way to resolve the difficulty; but Italy must be aware that one Power alone makes war for an idea, and that is France, and France has accomplished her mission."

The *Independence Belge* asserts that France is making vigorous naval preparations for the coast defence.

At the meeting of the Paris Conference the Ottoman Ambassador announced that the Sultan had agreed exceptionally, and for this time only, to grant an investiture to Couzar as the Hospodar of both Moldavia and Wallachia, the governments of these places, however, to be conducted separately. On motion of the Russian Plenipotentiary, another year was allowed for the settlement of the question of the convent property in the Principality. The Austrian and Turkish ministers were called on for an early statement of the decision they had come to regarding the navigation of the Danube. They were not prepared with the required information, and promised to communicate the observations of their conference to their governments.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* contradicts the report that twenty frigates have been ordered to be built at Crona. It says the rumor arose from an immense order being given for iron plates, which are intended for the casemates at Cherbourg.

The *Moniteur* publishes the agricultural statistics of Algeria, showing that the recent harvest in that country has been satisfactory.

Two additional prominent French exiles publish in the London *Times* their views of the late amnesty. M. E. Guinet declines to accept it, denying the right of the Emperor either to proscribe or pardon him. Felix Pyat determines, as a matter of policy, to accept the amnesty, and return to France, where he thinks patriots may do more good than by remaining aloof.

Prince Napoleon had gone to Switzerland, and it was supposed that his journey had reference to the intended interview between the Emperors.

M. de la Guerniere had gone to St. Saver. His mission refers to the intended liberal reform of the press laws.

The monthly returns of the Bank of France show an increase in cash of 6,700,000 francs.

It was reported in Paris that France had notified the Porte that she does not intend to treat the Suez canal affair as a political question.

The Paris Bourse fell daily. On Friday the article in the *Moniteur* sent the rentes down to 68 1/2, but a vague rumor subsequently was current that a treaty of peace was signed, and the rentes improved to 68 3/4.

ITALY.

The conclusion was general on the Continent that the answer of Victor Emmanuel to the Tuscan negotiation, in regard to annexation to Piedmont, was preconcerted with Napoleon.

The Council of the different districts had officially proclaimed to the people of Turin that the Tuscan deputies had presented a deed of annexation to the Sardinian Government.

The National Assembly of Bologna, on the 7th, adopted a resolution declaring that the people of Bologna desire annexation to the constitutional kingdom of Sardinia, under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. Bologna was illuminated in honor of the event. The Assembly also authorized its President to present an address to the Emperor Napoleon and King of Sardinia, expressing sympathies for Venice and offering to make peculiar sacrifices in her favor.

The Pope had been attacked with fever, and suspended all audiences for several days. He was recovering, and was about to proceed to Castle Gandolfo.

A despatch was about to leave Turin on a mission to the French Government.

It was supposed that the Papal army was not in condition to act against the forces of the Romagna, led by Garibaldi.

The National Assembly of Parma was opened on the 7th with great solemnity. The Dictator Farini delivered an address, in which he reviewed the history of the Bourbons, and terminated amid cries of "Vive Victor Emmanuel!" The city was in *fiore*.

Several French journals had been prohibited in Sardinia, in consequence of advocating the separation of Savoy from Piedmont.

Troops were pending in the National Assembly of Parma to confirm Farini as Dictator, and declare the termination of the Bourbon dynasty.

SPAIN.

The Madrid journals say that the Emperor of Morocco has declared traitors the tribes on the coast who insulted the Spanish flag, and promised to inflict exemplary chastisement on them. The Spanish Government, however, doubt the fulfillment of this promise, and continue their preparations for the expedition.

COSTA RICA.

President Mora has been deposed, and is now in New York. He was waited upon at the Palace by two military officers, and arrested. He was quickly taken to Puntas Arenas, and shipped off to the United States. This unexpected movement is attributed to the intrigues of the British Government or British residents in Costa Rica, but we think upon insufficient grounds. The indifference of the people to the violence, proves that he had no hold on the popular affection, if such a thing exists in communities. The chief agent in his downfall was the clergy, who resented his determination to reform the ecclesiastical abuses of the country.

THE LATEST NEWS.

By the arrival of the steamship North America, we have advice up to the 14th ultimo. The news she brings is important. An explosion took place on board the Great Eastern on the 9th ult. A feed pipe casing in the forward funnel, which had been introduced on the ground of economy in heat, and to keep the heat of the funnels from the cabin, exploded with terrific force, blowing the funnel into the air, and tearing to pieces the grand saloon and lower deck cabins, through which the funnel passed, and otherwise doing great damage to the interior fittings. Great consternation prevailed on board, but prompt efforts were made to get at the unfortunate men in the engineering department, who were either buried in the rubbish or prostrated by the steam. Three firemen were found in a dying state, and soon expired, while eight others were injured, two of whom subsequently died. One fireman was lost overboard, having either fallen into the water, or jumped into it to escape scalding. The injured men were generally progressing favorably, although two or three of them were in a precarious position. The numerous guests on board had only quitted the grand saloon, through which the funnel passed, and in which they had been dining, a few minutes before the explosion took place. But for this the consequences must have been more serious.

The explosion is stated to have probably been one of the most terrific which a vessel has ever survived, and which none in the world could have withstood save a structure of such marvellous strength as the Great Eastern. She not only resisted it, her frame receiving no injuries whatever, but it made so little difference in the movements of the vessel, that the engines were never once stopped until she reached Portland. It is asserted that great objections had been made to the casing round the funnels, but the directors persisted in adopting the plan, notwithstanding it had been tried and abandoned in the Collins and other steamers. The damages are estimated at \$25,000.

CHINA—ANOTHER WAR.

The English and French Plenipotentiaries having arrived off the River Fello, below Peking, on the 17th of June, found that the fortifications had been rebuilt and the entrance to the river barred with booms and stakes. On the 26th, no notice having been taken by the Oriental Government of their arrival, the Plenipotentiaries joined the squadron under Admiral Hope, and attempted to force a passage up the river to the capital, when batteries, which had been

masked, were uncovered, and a deadly fire was opened upon the squadron which was returned with spirit; but after a severe action the force retired with a loss of three gun-boats and four hundred and sixty-four killed and wounded. Among the killed were seven officers, and among the wounded seventeen—Admiral Hope among the latter. The French force consisted of only sixty, of whom fourteen were killed and wounded. This gross violation of treaty stipulations will most likely lead to another war. The American Ambassador is said to have been quietly and peacefully admitted at Peking, a fact which excites the ire of the London *Times*.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Rara Avis.—Mr. Sandell, of Stratford, is the owner of a sparrow which will call "Jerry" with a distinctness truly marvellous. He will sit on his master's shoulder, nibble food from his hand, besides performing a variety of other evolutions scarcely to be credited. Mr. Sandell some time since made a miniature ladder and placed it in his cage, which the bird will ascend or carry about on his back with the ease and agility of a modern lamp-lighter. The owner has had the bird in his possession about two years, and it is, as may be surmised, highly prized by him.

SCOTLAND.

An Awkward Fix.—On the evening of Allon summer fair a person, whose name it is unnecessary to give, had occasion to enter a garden adjoining one of the houses. While there, and preparing to return to spend the evening with some jolly companions, the man found himself in disagreeable proximity to a mastiff, which threatened to attack him. To get out of harm's way, the man hastily ascended a tree, in the confident expectation that some one would by and by come to his aid. But the stern dog kept watch at the foot of the tree, and the unfortunate man, instead of enjoying himself in the tavern, as he had expected, found himself perched on the branch of a tree, and there he remained, cold and cheerless, during the "ice-lag" night. It was only when daylight did appear that the state of matters was disclosed to some of the neighbors, and arrangements were made by which man and dog "each took off his several way," the meeting having been anything but an agreeable one to either the prisoner or his keeper.

A Terrible Story.—An old woman of weak intellect, known as "Black Bess," died of starvation near Galashiels a short time ago. The story of "Black Bess's" life is a fearful one. Fifty years ago Elizabeth Graham was the rustic beauty, belle and toast of Melrose and its neighborhood. Returning home one evening, she was set upon by a villain who occupied a rather higher station in life, and of all she held most dear to honor. She immediately forsook the ordinary haunts of man, having become a raving maniac. She took up her abode in a rude cave in the Old Quarry Hill of Melrose. Here she spent all night, in summer and winter, wrapped up in a blanket, save when, for some weeks after the birth of her dead child, she followed to the churchyard and would not be driven away, but slept among the tombstones to watch its grave. From that time to this Crazy Bess has lived a life of much privation, and often voluntary suffering, wandering from hamlet to house and village to town, never, however, removing far from the scenes of her early years. It was from this unfortunate wail, it is said, that Sir Walter Scott drew the character of Madge Wildfire, in the "Heart of Midlothian."

FRANCE.

Horrible Death.—A sad affair has occurred at Hagueres du Luchon, in the Pyrenees. An English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Ross, an ardent ascetic, a few weeks ago, ascended, with some friends and a guide, the mountain called Col du Port de Venasque. Arrived nearly at the top, where visitors generally stop, he resolved to go to the very summit, though told that the ascent was dangerous, and he went alone, refusing to allow even the guide to accompany him. Hours passed away and he did not return. Nothing having been seen or heard of him up to the Monday following, several guides were sent out to search, and after some time discovered his dead body, dreadfully mutilated, at the bottom of an abyss near the Port de Venasque. The reverend gentleman, who was to have set out on Monday for England, was a great pedagogue, and had ascended Mont Blanc.

"Original" English Dramatists.—Two or three years back a young Frenchman came up to Paris to study law, but took kindly to the stage, and became a literary Bohemian. We need not say that he experienced some check upon his enthusiasm by the perpetual refusal of his pieces at the various theatres. Suddenly, however, he made money, and plenty of it (for a Bohemian), and so one could tell how; for though he wrote a great deal and was perpetually studying the new pieces, no result appeared upon any Parisian stage whatever. It is said that the funds came from the English side of the Channel, from a dramatist of standing, and who, desirous of "original pieces, never sold before," accepted an engagement with the Frenchman to purchase his manuscripts—hence the London critics have been baffled, and the French Bohemian is satisfied; the English dramatist is victorious, and the London public content.

The Jew and his Purse.—A Jew, residing at Lyons, lately lost his purse, containing 1,200 francs, and he advertised the loss in the usual way. The next day he received this letter: "Amiable Israelite—it is I who have found your 1,200 francs, and you may weep for them, for you will never get them back again. I am leading the life of a Sarrasinapoli. Here is an account of what I have this day had for breakfast and for dinner. (A detail of the two meals was here given.) I shall continue to live in this manner, drinking Hebrew, until your 1,200 francs are exhausted, and I will finish by grating a glass of wine to your health."

French pocket handkerchiefs are now exquisitely embroidered with designs commemorative of the late brilliant achievements of French arms. Some with the arms of France and Italy; some with the banners of the different regiments; and on others even the picturesque costume of the Taros is delicately drawn in color on the finest cambric muslin.

Death while Bathing.—On the evening of the 23d ult., Madame Angot, of Montjean (Mayenne), accompanied by her two cousins, Mademoiselle Amy, went to bathe, as usual, in a piece of water close to the old chateau where they reside. The ladies walked into the water hand in hand, but, unfortunately, advanced too far, and Madame Angot slipped into a deep hole, drawing the other ladies after her. When they came to the surface again, one of them called loudly for help, and was overheard by M. Amy, brother of the two young ladies. He immediately plunged in, and diving after his sisters, succeeded in saving them both. He afterwards made every effort to rescue Madame Angot, but in vain, for the body was not found till the next morning. The unfortunate victim of this accident was only twenty-five years of age.

GERMANY.

A Cure for Hydrophobia.—A singular tale is now going the round of the papers to the effect that an aged German, a native of Saxony, has cured hydrophobia for many years, and is unwilling to sink into the grave and carry the secret with him. The mystery is solved in two words—"hydrochloric acid." This preparation, the paragraph asserts, applied to the extent of several drops on the wound, destroys the poison contained in the saliva.

The Fat Man's Millennium Came at Last!—Among the singular diversities in the bath way is one in Germany, which is said to be a positive cure for obesity. The stoutest come away quite thin and elegant. What the result would be upon any thin gentleman or lady who should make the mistake to go to this bath is curious to speculate upon, nothing less than walking skeletons or moving shadows could ensue.

Breaking the Bank.—The gambling-houses at Hamburg have been very hard run by a young lady named Rubenstein, a Parisian actress of the Odéon and Porte Saint Martin. In her short career at the bath she has made as much money as, with the greatest economy, she could have saved in 940 years from her theatrical salary. Some say \$50,000. She appears to have discovered the real secret of numbers so long sought.

The system is described to us by our correspondent as very simple—the old rule of three, which is the foundation of much useful calculation. He says he played it always against the third throw, the discontinuance and the sequence being favorable; and most assuredly, if there be true throws of three in a single row, the change will be speedy. Perhaps we shall be favored with more minute details, and be enabled to give them to the curious.

ITALY.

Rather Awkward for the Duke.—Two curious autograph letters, written a few years ago by the Duke of Modena to his Minister of Foreign Affairs, and found in the archives after his expulsion from his Duchy, have been published. These epistles speak of the French Emperor as "M. Bonaparte," "that brigand," and "the self-styled Emperor," and declare the Duke's Government the only one which desires to have nothing to do with him. They thus give, if it please God, to their ruler. "Not the least curious portion of the letters is that which relates to the management of the official newspaper at Modena. The Minister is enjoined not to permit the Duke's journal to 'go gleaming Bonapartist glories,' to take care that articles expressing hostile opinions are not copied, and to reject the articles of the *Nord*, which the Duke calls an 'excellent and well edited journal,' though he would probably describe it in other words at the present time, when its employers make it vehemently oppose his restoration. The value of an official journal edited upon such principles was, however, evidently well known to the Duke, for in speaking of the French *Moniteur* he punningly calls it the lying *Moniteur*—the *Moniteur Mentir*."

A Novelty in Fashion.—Among the novelties recently introduced in ladies' apparel, is a new article of underpinders. They bear resemblance to those worn by gentlemen, except that they are made of delicate white elastic fabric, with frilled edge, about one inch wide, and attached to the skirt by buttons in like manner.

We doubt not this invention will be generally adopted, with a view to relieve the waist of the unlimited burden which such habiliments necessarily produce. Reason and experience teach us that the old and absurd method, while followed, impairs the health, impedes locomotion and tends to ill health.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM No. 205.—B to QR 4; B to Q Kt; Kt to Q 4; P the Kt; P the P (ch), with numerous variations.

PROBLEM No. 206.—Kt to Kt 6 (ch); B the Kt; Q to QR 2; anything; Kt (dis ch).

PROBLEM No. 207.—R to Q 2; K to K 5; B to K 6; P to Q 4; K to B 2; K the Kt; B to K 4 (ch).

PROBLEM No. 208.—R to Q 4; K to Kt 4 (best); Kt to K 6 (ch); K to R 4 (best); P to Kt; anything; R to K R 4 (a). If 1 K to B 3 or P to B 3; K to K; anything; R to K 4 (ch).

PROBLEM No. 209 and 211 (identical).—B to Q 3; Q the R; Q to K 4; B the Q; Kt the B (ch). Or 2 otherwise; Q (ch). If 1 Q to K 3; K the Q; anything; K to R (ch). If 1 P to K 4; R the Q (ch); K to K 3; Q the P (ch). If 1 otherwise; (ch).

PROBLEM No. 210.—Kt to Q 3; K to B 3; K to Q Kt 4; K to Kt 3; B to K 3; K to R 4; Q to R 3 mate.

PROBLEM No. 212.—Q to K B 7; K to K Kt 4 (best); Q to K Kt 7 (ch); K to R 4; K the P (ch); K P moves; K to B 2; P to K moves; Q to K 6 mate. One variation.



"Florence!" said the man, grasping her arm with painful violence.

THE VILLAS OF THE HUDSON.

No. 1.

The Residence of James Gordon Bennett, Esq.

The residence of James Gordon Bennett, Esq., editor and proprietor of the New York Herald, is situated on the banks of the Hudson river, about ten miles from the city of New York.

The estate, extending from the Kingsbridge road on the east to the river-shore to the west, covers an extent of forty acres, and comprises within its boundary lines a greater variety of natural scenery, more diversity of picturesqueness than any equal number of acres equally distant from the metropolis. From the heart of the metropolis, we should say, since the estate forms part of Manhattan Island, and the veteran journalist, its proprietor, being thereby a citizen of the Twelfth Ward, has but a few hundred yards to go in order to reach the district polls on election day.

From the river it is a steep ascent of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet to the level on which the family mansion stands. On the eastern or interior side is a valley through which runs a brook, and whose sloping sides are covered with springs of pure cold water. It is in this interior valley and its accompanying beauties, that Mr. Bennett has an advantage over those other dwellers on the Hudson, whose estates only afford them a river view.

The line of sight being continually broken by hill and dale, running streams, green lawns, beds of flowers, clumps of trees, smooth ponds and winding roads, there is not such a thing as a monotonous view on the whole estate. Nature, indeed, is here of herself so picturesque, that the art of the landscape gardener has been scarcely called into requisition.

On the hill-side, towards the river, Mr. Bennett has constructed tortuous paths, like those at Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden in Germany, which run in every direction, and take the stroller by a detour to the river-shore, or tempt him along under the brow of the hill into the pleasantest of walks. The trees on this river slope have been almost entirely left to themselves, and so thick and wild do they grow, that you can easily imagine yourself, as you stand among them, to be in a forest of the Alleghanies.

The house, of whose exterior our artist's pencil conveys an infinitely better idea than the pen can render, is built near the centre of the plateau, between the edge of the valley on one side, and the beginning of the river descent on the other. As the reader will perceive, it is in the style of an Italian villa, and surrounded entirely by balconies.

When Mr. Bennett purchased the place, three years ago, at an outlay of \$32,000, the building upon it was quite an ordinary one. Since that time Mr. Bennett has expended \$50,000 in remodeling the house and improving the grounds. To the original body of the house he has added north and south wings, a rear projection, a cupola and several other beautifying features. On the first floor the front room to the left of the hall is set apart as a boudoir, the next one to it as a dining-room, attached to which latter is the plate-room and butler's pantry. To the right of the hall, and extending its whole length, are the drawing-rooms, of which is the quadrangular extension seen to the extreme right of our engraving, and which forms Mr. Bennett's study. This is a very cosy little room, fitted up with bookcase, a desk, a sofa, and easy chairs, where Mr. Bennett locates himself during the greater part of the time that he can devote to staying at home. Here, on the morning of our visit, we were ushered into the presence of the "Napoleon" of journalists, whom we found surrounded by the day's papers, and busily engaged upon some detail of his laborious profession.

The upper stories are divided off into private parlors and sleeping apartments. A large cupola surmounts the house, and forms an admirable observatory. From its windows, on a clear day, you can see a distance of full forty miles out over the surrounding country. After dark the revolving lights at the Highlands of Neversink are plainly discernible, and, during a slight fog, the lights of the city, seen through the misty gloom, have a curiously beautiful effect.

The house throughout is elegantly furnished, the drawing-rooms and the *salon* especially so.

For natural facilities, Mr. Bennett's estate is remarkable. One of the rocky springs with which it abounds supplies the household with the purest of water, conveyed by a force-pump to the reservoir at Mr. B. has had constructed on the premises; from the skating-ponds, in winter, the ice-house is filled; and to prove that the kitchen-garden is capable of producing "some pumpkins" we need only allude to the fact that at the Horticultural Show, held in New York last week, "one-half of a large table"—we quote the printed report—was occupied with productions from Mr. James Gordon Bennett's premises, and that "one of Mr. Bennett's Californian pumpkins, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, took a special premium of five dollars." And further, "A number of gentlemen estimated that at least one thousand pies of the ordinary size could be made from these mammoth pumpkins."

To the north of the family mansion is a two storied structure, built on the model of a Chinese pagoda. The lower story is used as a billiard and bowling-room, the upper as a smoking-room. From the windows of this second story, a very fine view of the river is obtained.

In the rear of the house are several out-buildings, chief among which are the dairy and stable. The butter and milk in the former

is supplied by three cows, and in the latter a stud of eight horses is accommodated.

As an item of interest, it may be mentioned that the highest point of land on Manhattan Island is found on Mr. Bennett's estate. This is a rock on which a new and circular dairy is in process of construction. This dairy, when finished, will be a very picturesque object, surrounded as it is by evergreen trees. Its upper story, on account of the fine view it will afford, is designed for a lounging-room.

A flower garden in a high state of culture adds not a little to the beauties of the place. Next year Mr. Bennett expects to have a fine graper; the grape is now grown on the estate, but not cultivated to the highest degree of which it is capable.

The conveyances to the city are frequent and expeditious; it is but half an hour's ride by the steam-cars, and the trains run from six o'clock in the morning till nine at night. The nearest station to Mr. Bennett's residence, on the Hudson River Railroad, is Fort Washington.

Land in the vicinity is sold at from two to five thousand dollars per acre, and when the Central Park is completed it is expected that this value will be considerably enhanced.

Though the place was purchased by Mr. Bennett three years ago, he has only occupied it with his family during the last year. He now makes it his permanent residence both in winter and summer.

The yacht *Hebecece*, the property of Mr. Bennett, Jr., when at her moorings, lies off a dock built almost on a straight line with the brass cupola, the only portion of the house visible from the river.

We have thus selected Mr. Bennett's residence to inaugurate our series of illustrated articles on "the Villas of the Hudson," as being the first step from the smoky plain of the town to the mountainous regions where cultured ease has taken up its home on the banks of a river which, for beauty and interest, the Rhine, with all its associations of a departed chivalry, cannot rival—on the "Queen of Rivers"—the lovely Hudson!

NEEDLE HUNTER.—A Long Island darky was extolling the cleverness of a neighbor's son:

"Jim Johnson's chile," said he, "is de smartest little nigga you ever see. Why, was do you tink—he went down to de bracksmith shop de oder day, and while he was dere he picked up a piece ob red hot iron and laid it right down again widout nobody tellin' him!"

FLORENCE DE LACY; OR, QUICKSANDS AND WHIRLPOOLS. A TALE OF YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

By Percy B. St. John,

Author of "Quadroons," "Photographs of the Heart," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIKE all well meaning men who are not governed by great discrimination and delicacy of feeling, Sir Peter Paulet was rather apt to injure those whom he wished to befriend.

While, therefore, he had compelled his wife and son to act towards Miss Robinson with a decent show of outward respect, he had awakened in their bosoms a hatred which doomed her to inevitable annoyance and persecution.

Lady Paulet was irritated at having been spoken to before one whose superiority she was incapable of understanding, and promised herself the pleasure of being severely dignified.

Young Mr. Paulet, while abating none of his libertine pretensions, secretly resolved to be very harsh and cruel when he had brought the pride to his feet.

Such is almost invariably the sentiments of gay men in the wealthy circles towards the humble victims of their acts and seductions.

Miss Robinson appeared, however, determined in no way to accept the hostility of either the mother or son, but quietly pursued the even tenor of her way.

She resolved to do her duty, and unless the persecution became intolerably offensive, to take no notice of it.

Her sister had made no answer to her application; her kind old guardian had repudiated her; and even the man of her choice, for whom she had sacrificed everything, was far away, and was she quite sure he would remain faithful and true?

Florence, or, as we must call her, Miss Robinson, had, young as she was, already suffered so much that she doubted everything.

Still she strove to be cheerful, and to do her duty by the children placed under her care. Fortunately for herself and her pupils, Lady Paulet was so much taken up with visits and morning calls, that she seldom in any way interfered with Miss Robinson and her juvenile charges, so that before three months were over a very tolerable understanding had arisen between them.

It was their custom of an afternoon, when the weather was fine, to walk out together, and as Miss Robinson was indefatigable in conversation, and especially in pretty little stories, the girls grew to look upon these promenades as a great treat.

Once or twice Mr. Paulet attempted to join the party, but a severe look from the governess, and a gentle hint of an appeal to the father, soon drove him away.

And thus time passed. Days followed days, and week succeeded week, without bringing any change, without bringing any news, when events occurred which had an immense influence on most of our characters.

It was a cold but fine afternoon, and Miss Robinson and her pupils were strolling a little distance from the town, along the highway, near the sea.

They were the best of friends now, and laughed and talked together as freely as mother and daughters.

"Do tell the story of the magician and the wonderful lamp," said one of the younger girls.

"But I've told it so many times," said Miss Robinson, laughing.

"Do tell it again—it's so nice!" cried the other, eagerly.

"Well, if you like. Once upon a time—" she began.

"What farce is this?" cried a voice near her, in a sarcastic tone. She raised her head, and saw Stephen de Lacy standing before her.

She did not speak, she did not shriek, she did not offer to run; he gazed at him with seeming unconcern, but with at heart a sickening fear which was terrible.

The girls looked at his scowling and sarcastic face, and crowd round their governess.

"I wish to speak to this gentleman a few minutes," she said quietly; "go, pick up shells; but do not go far."

The children hesitated a moment, and then walked away. It attracted soon by their favorite amusement, began to scamper among the rocks.

"Well, sir, and what is your errand?" she said, with an effort at calmness.

"I ask you, Florence, what is the meaning of this?" he said severely. "I repeat, what is the meaning of this masquerade?"

"An exile from my uncle's house, I am compelled to get living."

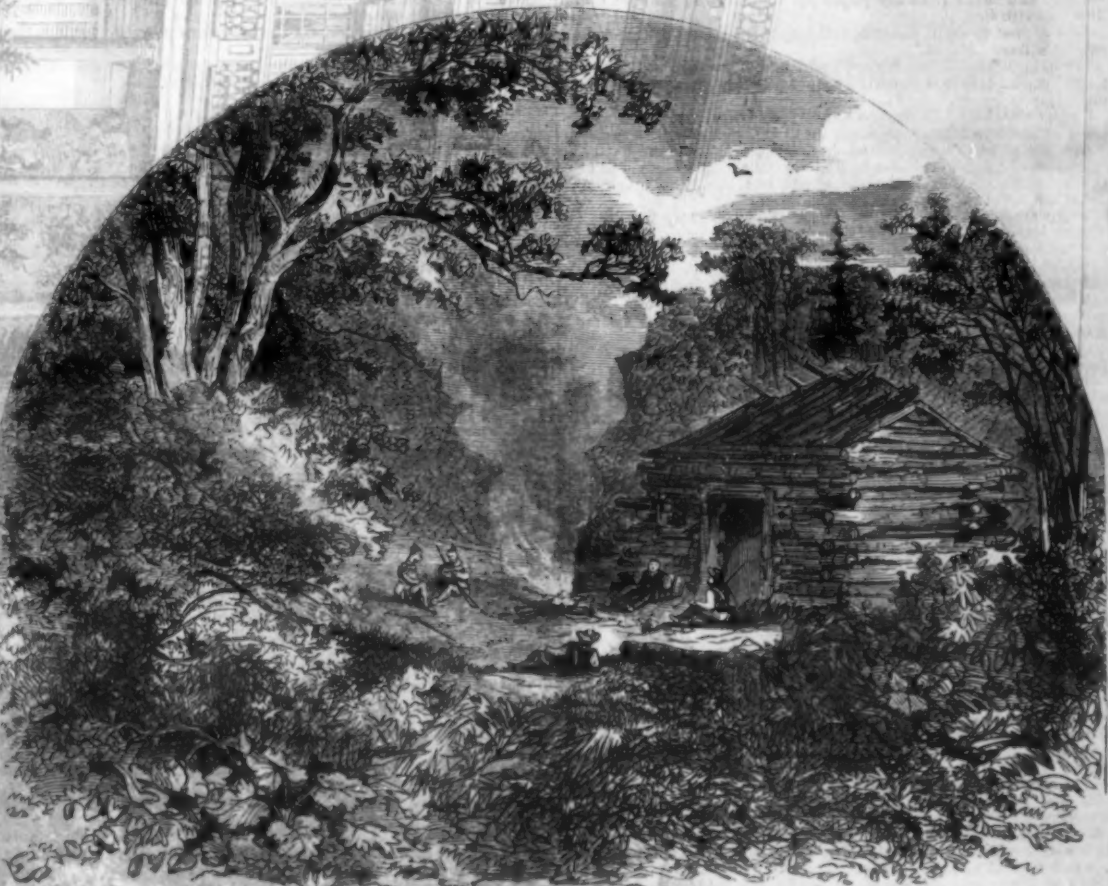
"Pshaw!" cried Stephen, "no such thing. You know, Florence, that, despite your change of position, despite the fact that you no longer an heiress, one heart at least is true to you."

"And that—"

"Is mine."

"Sir, I thought we understood each other," cried Florence fiercely, "and that this subject was never to be renewed."

"Pardon me, Florence de Lacy," said Stephen, in passionate tones. "I have never ceased to love you. My heart is yours, and ever will be. Sole heir to the honors of the house of De Lacy, I ask you to share my wealth and power."



They advanced to the edge of a vale clearing, the centre of which was occupied by a log hut.

"Oh, if there's danger don't let me drag you into it," said Captain Lechmere," said Frank, haughtily, "no man fears danger less than I do, but we promised our worthy captain—" "So we did—at least you did. However, the humor is on me, and I shall follow it. The road is, I am told, yonder—so here goes. Adieu!"

And the wilful captain set his spurs savagely into his horse's sides. Frank Wilton hesitated a moment, and then his generous feelings prevailing even over his promise, he followed him at full speed. They galloped on for about two miles in complete silence. Frank Wilton was irritated. He had never liked the captain—why, he could scarcely say—and his present wilful conduct did not increase his liking. Still there was a pleasure, an excitement in the very peril they were courting, which, after a short time, he was himself unable to resist.

Suddenly he reached out his hand and placed it upon the other's arm. Lechmere reined in. "What is it?" "Look yonder," replied Wilton. He was pointing in the direction of the great river, and at a distance of not more than a mile up rose a curling column of smoke. "Well?" "A camp of the enemy." "Are you sure?" "Quite sure." "Then suppose we hunt them up and have a look at them," said Lechmere. Frank Wilton shrugged his shoulders at his obstinacy, but made no effort to detain him. "We must leave our horses," he said quietly. "Why?" "There is no path in that direction for horses. We must tie them up, and trust to our cunning to escape detection and capture." Apparently delighted as any boy at the spree they were about to enter upon, Captain Lechmere tied his horse as directed by Frank in a cove, took his pistols and sword and prepared to enter upon the path.

It was well for Frank that he was not of a suspicious nature, or he might have felt some uneasiness on entering that wood, as he saw the stern, compressed lips and somewhat pallid face of the captain. "Our path is narrow and leads to thickets almost impenetrable," said Frank; "if you have any doubt, now is your time." "Go on, Frank; one would think you had some particular reason for avoiding the spying out of those villains." "Only that it's very absurd to poke oneself for a mere bit of fun into a scrape not easy to escape from." "There's worse dangers at sea," said Lechmere, with a light laugh. Frank Wilton smiled at his obstinacy, and pushing aside the boughs, entered upon the narrow trail, an Indian pathway, which led to the river.

Never, Frank Wilton, never since the hour you were born, were you in such danger of your life as that moment. Irritated at something in his manner, knowing him to be the favored squire of one whom the old man loved as the apple of his eye, Captain Lechmere for a moment was tempted to end the matter here, and instantly placed his hand upon his pistol to carry out his murderous design. But he suddenly recollected that having come out alone with Frank, he would be expected to return with him. The young officer, all unconscious of his fearful danger, kept his post of leader for some minutes. "How near are we now?" suddenly asked Lechmere. "Near enough to get a shot," said Wilton. "If we talk so loud," Lechmere made some growling reply, which was quite lost upon Wilton, and they again advanced until they were on the very edge of a rude clearing, the centre of which was occupied by a log hut, in front of which was a fire.

Round this were collected a large body of armed men, who were lounging about in a listless way, as if they longed for something to do. They were men in the rudest garb known to the very outskirts of civilization—Americans, the refuse of the Scotch and Irish poured every year upon the shores of the great republic, and a few, very few, of the genuine habitants, or Canadians. "A pretty queer mixture," said Lechmere, in a low tone. "A gang as worthless as they are dangerous," Frank replied; "not true men fighting for liberty and independence, but the rag-tag and bobtail of mere filibusters and sympathisers." "They may give us some trouble though," said Lechmere. "Would we had a troop here; what say you—shall we go?" They were standing in a dense thicket, where by no chance could their presence be detected, and therefore, by conversing in low whispers, were in no danger of detection. "I am ready. In fact, I think the sooner we leave the neighborhood the better; instant death would be the result of discovery." Captain Lechmere drew a small opera-glass from his pocket, and took a careful survey of the groups; he replied— "A most cut-throat-looking gang, certainly," he said. "You are quite right, I think we had better go." Frank Wilton, who having been out one or two shooting days with his friend, looked upon himself as a capital guide, turned with the utmost self-complacency to lead the way back. It was about mid-day, and the sun was high in the heavens; the birds sang their merry tunes, and the other inhabitants of the forests might be heard at distant intervals. Suddenly Frank Wilton came to a halt. "Well?" "Do you know, Lechmere," he said in some confusion, "I think I've lost my way." "I'm sure of it." "And what makes you think so?" "This is not the path we came by," said Lechmere, with a careless yawn. "Then must we turn back, or we shall never find our horses," cried Frank. "Hist!" said Lechmere, in a low tone, and pointing with his finger, "What is that?" Frank Wilton, his head in the direction pointed out, gave an inaudible whistle. "Come along," he whispered, advancing rapidly. "Who is it?" "One of our scouts." On a tree, in an attitude of reflection, sat two men, one of whom, the nearest, was a Red Indian, the other, from his blouse, and hat, and beard, and moustache, appeared to be a Canadian. The Red Indian cast his eyes once in the direction of the new comers, and once only, then resumed his conversation with his companion. "Well, Otto," said Frank, good-naturedly, as they came within hearing, "what are you doing out here?" "Otto is looking for fools." "And pray, who may the fools be?" continued the young officer. "Birds who run into the snake's mouth," said the Indian, gravely. "I understand you," laughed Wilton; "but we are out now." "I don't know," said the Indian. "Look dah!" And he pointed upwards to where a huge buzzard was sailing round and round above their heads. "What is that?" "Somebody killed yah about aforenight," said the Indian; "sartin sure." Frank almost shuddered as the red man spoke, for he knew how seldom they were erroneous in their prospects. "How far are we from our horses?" he asked. "One—two—three, nearly four miles," replied the Indian. "Can you not guide us to them or to the inn?" asked Lechmere. "In tree mile," said the scout. The early-looking habitant had not spoken. "Can't one of you fetch the horses while we walk to the inn?" The Indian nodded, whispered a word to the man, and fell into a kind of lounging trot, with which the two British officers had some difficulty in keeping up. They would, however, by no means own that it was anyway too much for them. Before the end, however, of their journey, they were compelled to give in. "Hang the fellow," said Lechmere, "he would kill a horse." "It's their usual gait," replied Wilton. "And there go our horses," said Lechmere, sulkily, as the faint sound of a trot reached their ears. "It's the habitant—is he safe?" asked Wilton, rather uneasily. "Better late than never," said the captain.

In another ten minutes, after artfully detaining the scout with questions to gain breathing time, they were in sight of the French Canadian inn, the owner of which had too sincere an eye to business not always heartily to welcome the British officers.

"So, ho! my man, some wine," said the captain, casting himself upon a bench.

"And what will you take, Otto?" asked Frank Wilton, kindly.

"Rum," said the Indian, with a smile. The man who had gone for the horses now entered, and joined the Indian in his fiery draught, after which they both stretched themselves down upon the ground before the fire.

"What say you to dinner?" said Lechmere, when a copious draught of Bordeaux had restored his good humor.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," replied Frank, with a smile.

"Dinner, old leather chops!" cried Lechmere.

"Oul! Yes—dat is, yes, me lord. Mals, not down here—up de stairs," said the pallid Frenchman, uneasily.

"He is afraid of visitors," replied Frank, rising; "in which case we might meet with awkward people. Let us go up-stairs."

"Just as you like," said Lechmere.

They went up-stairs to a little small room in a remote part of the house, where, after some delay, a dinner, sufficiently comfortable to afford an hour or two's enjoyment, was brought in. Both were hungry from their long walk, and did it ample justice.

As he brought up the last bottle of wine asked for, mine host requested they would be very quiet, as there were two or three habitans down-stairs, and it being nearly evening, his house would soon be full.

"Of out-throat rebels, I suppose," said Lechmere, slapping him on the back.

"I serve de everybody and de everyting," said mine host, grinning.

"Then give us some of your best cigars and a pack of cards. Don't look horrified, Frank; we'll only play for the cigars."

"I don't mind," said Frank, who did mind, because he knew he had a leaning to this most fatal and attractive of all the excitements invented by man.

Hitherto, from strict regard to his very moderate means, he had resisted.

"I hardly know how to play," he said.

"You can learn ecarté in five minutes," replied Lechmere.

And Frank Wilton did learn ecarté in five minutes, and more than that; playing games for cigars, won five or six, and then playing for the wine and the dinner, won all, until he got quite flushed and excited at his small winnings.

"Hang it! I never saw such luck," said the captain, dashing down the cards; "you've won about a pound of me. Come, just eight games for half a crown each."

What could poor human nature do? Having won, Frank Wilton was ashamed not to play again.

He had won five games and lost one when a knock came to the door.

The captain frowned. His victim was in his hands. What need to kill or slay if he could make a gambler of him? Would not that be ruin in itself, and cut him off as well as death from all hope of Florence or her uncle's favor?

The scout entered.

"Better go," he said. "Yankee very suspicious. Drink much soon, and search the house."

"We had better go," said Frank.

"I suppose we must," was the sulky reply of Lechmere.

The landlord here appeared in search of the amount of his bill, and informed them that a small back door was open.

Somewhat, he said, had seen the tracks of their horses, and insisted that he was hiding Britishers. Hitherto he had kept them quiet, but, as soon as the drink became more potent in its effects upon them, he could not answer for their safety.

Lechmere now saw the gravity of the circumstance, and, rising, readily followed their guide down-stairs. Ottawa was stealthy in his steps, and bade them be the same.

The shadows of evening were upon the scene, and it was as much as they could do at first to distinguish the place where their horses stood fastened under trees.

There were other horses about the establishment, or they would have been betrayed long before.

As it was, no sooner were they in the saddle than the two horses gave a simultaneous neigh.

"The bloody varnents are escaping," shouted a dozen voices from inside the inn; "give it to the sanguinary Britishers."

Frank gave spur to his horse.

"Drop them both," roared a savage voice, in rapturous delight; 'tis the captain and the lieutenant I told of."

"Sacre, helas!" growled a voice.

The captain appeared startled or bewildered by what he heard, for he turned round in the saddle as he clutched his pistols.

"Surely I know that voice," he said.

He spoke no more, for a rapid volley was heard, and the riderless horse was in a minute beside Frank Wilton.

"Good God, Lechmere!" he said, "are you much hurt? Where are you?"

He saw him about thirty yards behind, lying with his arms outspread, face downwards, on the ground.

"He's a dead 'un," said a voice near him; "as dead as you'll be, maister, if you don't step it. Here they come, for all the world like mad bulls into a china shop! Go it, Maister Frank."

As he spoke, the Canadian habitant who had fetched the horses leaped into the saddle, and cutting the officer's horse a swinging slash over the flank, set spurs to his own.

Then came shouting and hallooing behind, and one or two stray shots, and at last the last clatter of horses' hoofs.

"Away, away, maister!" shouted the man. "I knows them horses—they're good 'uns to go; but we've the start of 'em."

"Are you sure Captain Lechmere was killed?" asked Frank.

"He fell off his horse like a lump of lead."

"Poor fellow!"

"A precious rogue, as was never no friend to you, sir," said the man.

"Who and what are you?" said Frank Wilton, in astonishment.

"Why, Jack Jinks, to be sure," grinned the other, from ear to ear.

"And what, in Heaven's name, brought you here?" cried Frank.

"You, sir."

"Who sent you?"

"My new maister."

"Your new maister! And, pray, who is he?"

"Why, your father, to be sure."

Frank pulled up, and as there was now no sound of horses in pursuit, stopped and looked the other full in the face.

"Have you left Sir Roland?"

"Why, you see, sir, Sir Roland took on so about Miss Florence. He's gone abroad; and so has he sent I to look for miss, and I found your father a looking for miss too, I takes him for my maister; and then says he, 'Jinks, you go and look after my son, while I looks after miss.'"

"My father sent you after me?"

"Well, sir, you see, Master Stephen de Lucy sent a certain Holfe—as ugly a customer as any in England—out here to waylay and murder you."

"But why?"

"Cause he loves Miss Florence, and I don't know how many other reasons."

"But has this man really come?"

"As sure as eggs is eggs. He's the chap an shot the captain a-rying to shoot you," said John Jinks, with a grin.

Frank said no more. It was something to escape a cruel death, but it was very painful to have been the cause of death to others.

"No trace had been found of Miss Florence when you left?" said Frank.

"Only as she had escaped the clutches of Stephen de Lucy," replied Jack.

"And my father is not angry with me?"

"No; why should he be?"

Jack Jinks then, in his lucid way, gave a narrative of all he knew about the state of affairs in England, which lasted until they arrived at the fort.

The commanding officer was himself standing on the ramparts when they rode up.

"Where is Captain Lechmere?" he asked, eagerly.

Frank Wilton bowed his head.

"Good heavens! a prisoner?"

"I fear dead," said the young officer; "but if you will grant me interview, I will explain all."

"Speak," said the captain, hurriedly, as they entered the room.

"He was murdered by a private assassin, who came all the way from England to take my life," said Frank.

"Sit down, my boy," said the good-natured captain. "I have business to talk of. But, first, tell me your story."

And he did, in as few words as possible.

"What a terrible narrative! Frank, your life has been miraculously preserved, while Captain Lechmere has fallen a victim to his own obstinacy. We will talk of this another time."

"You spoke of business, captain," said Frank, rising.

"Yes, my boy; every officer is wanted, for to-night the great attempt on the fort will be made."

Frank Wilton immediately retired, by permission, to write those letters which a brave man feels the necessity of writing on the eve of battle.

(To be continued.)

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

TIPSY WIT.—Sheridan was staggering home one night, when he was observed by a policeman, to whom he said confidentially, "My name is Wilberforce—I am a religious man—don't expose me."

LOCKS THAT GO "ON TICK."—A locksmith in Frankfort-on-the-Maine has hit upon the ingenious idea of constructing a strong-box without any keyhole at all, and which even the owner himself cannot open. Inside is a clockwork, the hand of which the owner places at the hour and minute when he again wants to have access to the box. The clockwork begins to move as soon as the lid is shut, and opens the lock from the inside at the moment which the hand indicates.

A LACONIC INVITATION.—"A goose to-morrow—would be glad to see you to dinner."

IN A RUINOUS CONDITION.—A fop, just returned from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii? "Not very well," was the reply, "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

THE LOVER'S PUZZLE.—To read the following so as to make good sense, is the mystery:

I thee read see that me.

Love is down will I'll have

But that and you have you'll

One and up if you if

THE NUMBER OF LETTERS IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES.—English, 26. French, 25. German, 26. Spanish, 24. Dutch, 26. Greek, 24. Latin, 25. Slavonic, 27. Arabic, 28. Persian, 31. Turkish, 32. Georgian, 36. Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac and Samaritan, 22. Coptic, 32. Sanscrit, 50. Bengalese, 21. Burmese, 19.

A PASTORIAL PICTURE OF NATURAL SCENERY.

'Tis airy mornin'. Cum, my mews, declare

How things appears. Describo 'em as they air.

(Mews describes things as they air.)

The fields, all kivered with doo-spreckled grass,

Looks like green baxe stack full of brokin glass—

As of the skylites sum darned retch, for "greens,"

Hed, on a beader, smashed to smithereens.

The yaller sun is rising in the yeast,

For bred to labor calling man and beast,

While old Sol's beams cum down in goldin showers,

Inspect all the different kinder flours;

And purty soon they'll drane each joocy cup,

And make each blade in jooils drest "dry up."

The burds, a fluttering from their leafy hums,

In songs onseesin jines the cherrybuns;

For aith and hev'n's kunnected, sum folks thinks,

By chanes of angels mixt with bob-o-links.

Here, for a spell, the mews the curtain draws—

Idees is skarse, and hence her silent paws.

(Mews, bein' refresh't by her paws, pursues.)

From yander gorge's throte a garling creek

Cascades throo rox, and near it stands a Greek,

With poll in hand, and reddest kinder hair,

A ketchin suckers with a brass wire snair;

Cows, full of milk, is bellerin for the pails,

With heckin horns and tellygraffin tails;

Down in the medders flox of luvly lams

Drows sweet refreshment from a hundred d—s;

The hens is cackling over eggs bespoken;

The steers is standing ready for the yoke;

And hogs, impaysbunt for the ushail swill,

Music and fragrance both at once distill;

While in the distans, on the mounting tops,

Columby's eguls taks thar mornin hops,

Cappin the climacts of a seen as nice

As the old Sarpint spylt in Pairadice!

Pardin the mews of now she holds her hand,

And tries to larn the finger here for land;

She'll sun be back, not hev'ing far to roam.

And then, in coarse, she'll finish up the pome.

—The Disbanded Volunteer.

PHARAOH'S AFFAIR REPORTED.—The funny editor of the Cincinnati Dispatch thinks that the following was the announcement made in the Morning Red Sea Herald, the day after the great disaster:

"Morning Red Sea Herald extra!—Appalling Calamity!—Unparalleled Destruction of Life!—Disastrous Dispensation!—Calamitous List of Horrors!—Forty Thousand Men Engulfed in the Red Sea!—Twenty Thousand Horses Drowned!—Disastrous Details!"

"This morning about nine o'clock, Mr. Pharaoh, of Egypt, well-known to our readers as 'Old Pha,' with a retinue of forty thousand men, ten thousand chariots and twenty thousand horses, attempted to cross the Red Sea by an impregnable path. His guides suddenly lost their way, and before they could get upon their route again, the whole body marched into exceedingly deep water and were drowned. There was not a single life preserved in the crowd. We have just returned from this scene of unparalleled disaster, and with three able reporters have gone over the whole ground. We could see nothing of 'Old Pha,' who undoubtedly got his leg entangled in a chariot wheel, and not being tall enough to keep his head out of water, miserably perished. Our reporter picked up a few old scythes which were floating around in the water, and several thousand solid iron shields which floated ashore, which the friends of the deceased can have by calling at our office. The coroner is now holding inquests on the beach. Only thirteen thousand bodies have come ashore. He has held inquests on about a thousand. The verdict of the jury was, Died because they lost their way."

A FLESH AND BLOOD POEM.—We have received the following hoisted lines from a fair poetess, the "Letter M," and take great pleasure in giving them a place here.

Home.

For something that abode endured

With temple-like repose; an air

Of life's kind purposes pursued,

With ordered freedom sweet and fair.

A tent pitched in a world not right

It seemed, whose inmates, every one,

On tranquil faces bore the light

Of duties beautifully done.

And humbly, though they had few peers,

Kept their own laws, which seemed to be

The fair sum of six thousand years'

Traditions of civility.—Coccony Patmore.

DAMAGING ANOTHER MAN'S PROPERTY.—The Cincinnati Gazette states that a negro slave, placed by his master in Northcutt's jail, Lexington, Ky., for sale, last week made a deliberate attempt to swindle his master by cutting off his fingers, with a view to delay or prevent his sale. A few days after he further swindled his master by taking the lockjaw and dying.

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PARTICULAR ABOUT THE AGE.—The Sunday Atlas, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm, says:

"Hurrah for the girls of '76."

"Thunder" cries a New Jersey paper, "that's too darned old. No, no! hurrah for the girls of 17."

RUSSIAN-ENGLISH.—A visitor to St. Petersburg was gratified to see one sign in the English language. It was as follows: "Soloon for shaving, Cut, and Frizing the Hairs!"

To CHARLIE.

Ah! zephyrs cool, now flinging wild

Abroad my Charlie's gold brown hair,

What mines of rare gems undefiled

I'd give to place my fingers where

You toss the golden curls about,

Then from the fragrant mass peep out.

Oh! for the privileged liberty you waste,

To kiss that forehead pure and high,

Glide o'er the smooth cheek not in haste,

And look into the brown orbs nigh,

Whose glowing rays shoot to my heart,

Bending its fibres all apart.

How can you bear to leave the lip,

Ripe, full and glowing as a rose,

The which 'twere ecstasy to sip,

Long, lovingly, though causing throes

Each one a shock to kill or bless—

I faint at thought of such caress.

WHERE BOXWOOD COMES FROM.—The greater part of the boxwood used by engravers comes from Turkey, where the tree abounds, attaining a height of twenty-five feet, with a stem from six to nine inches thick. The English box-trees are seldom of sufficient size to be available to the engraver, so that six or seven hundred tons of the Turkey wood is annually imported from that country.

COLUMBUS NOWHERE.—A boy at an examination in an English school was asked who discovered America?

The answer was, "Yankee Doodle."

BERGEN TUNNEL RIOT.

ANOTHER strike of the men employed on the tunnel at Bergen, for the New York and Erie Railroad, took place on Friday, the 10th of September, and has since ripened into a riot, necessitating the intervention of a military force, before the disturbance could be quelled.

It appears that the men are paid on the first and fifteenth of every month. The second pay day transpired on Thursday, the 15th ult., and the men, numbering about four hundred, not having received their money, left their work about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the following day. They proceeded in a body to the vicinity of the slaughter-house, a short distance from where the Northern road diverges, where they commenced to put obstructions upon the track to prevent the passage of the trains. A number of dirt cars were brought to the spot and turned bottom side up, and stones, sods and earth were then piled up until a formidable barrier had been raised.

In consequence of the obstruction to the trains, Mayor Collard, of Hudson City, with a number of employees of the railroad went to the scene of action and endeavored to remove the barricades.

The rioters, to the number of about two hundred, then came forward in a body, and replaced the obstructions, using threatening words towards those who were engaged in removing them, but no violence was used on either side.

Mayor Collard endeavored to persuade the men to retire peacefully, but his efforts were unsuccessful, and the second regiment of volunteers was ordered to be in readiness, as in consequence of the absence of the Sheriff, they could take no open action. The men were kept at headquarters until nightfall, when the search of Sheriff Beatty being still unsuccessful, they were dismissed for the night.

On Saturday morning they were again paraded, and the Colonel having received a requisition from the Sheriff and the Mayor, prepared to march to the scene of the contest.

About half-past nine o'clock, the military, having been provided with thirteen round of ball cartridges, took up their line of march, accompanied by several special policemen and citizens of Hudson City.

Arriving at the tunnel, the laborers who had been engaged for the occasion commenced removing the obstructions, in which they were aided by the military, but as often as the track was cleared the rioters again encumbered it.

After every argument had been exhausted by Mayor Collard, General Hatfield and several others in trying to dissuade the rioters from continually putting on the obstacles, after they had been removed by the laborers employed by the railroad, at about one o'clock a consultation was held, and it was determined to arrest the most prominent of the rioters. Accordingly, the baggage car attached to the train was fitted up for the reception of prisoners; a large coil of rope was cut into short pieces and unraveled to be used in tying up the rioters after being arrested. Soon the word was given that all the arrangements to receive prisoners were perfected, and in a few minutes after Mayor Collard appeared with the first prisoner, a thickset, brutal-looking fellow, who gave the name of Michael McAndrew.

Arrests were then made with great rapidity, and forty-three prisoners were taken, placed in the cars and the train was slowly backed down to Bergen Junction, a distance of about three quarters of a mile. The military marched on either side of the train, and at the junction the prisoners were landed. The military then formed in hollow square; the prisoners were then marched in pairs between the soldiers and taken to the Bergen county jail and locked up; the streets were lined with spectators, and many of whom loudly expressed their satisfaction at the arrest of the belligerents.

On Sunday evening, some of the rioters who had escaped arrest made an attack upon the house of Mr. Alfred Austin, on account of his having rendered great aid to the Mayor during the day, in making arrests. Stones were thrown through the windows, and one fell on the bed in which a little child was sleeping, but fortunately doing no injury.

The Mayor, with about a dozen citizens, then made a search through the neighboring shanties and succeeded in identifying and arresting one of the men engaged in the riot.

On the Monday and Tuesday following, the prisoners, numbering in all seventy-two, were brought before Mayor Collard, and after a lengthened inquiry, thirty-three were discharged for want of evidence, and thirty-nine detained to await the action of the Grand Jury. They were afterwards admitted to bail, some in the sum of one thousand dollars, some at five hundred dollars, and a few at two hundred and fifty dollars.

At the time we write nearly all the men have returned to work, the contractor having engaged to pay them on the 1st of October next the whole amount due.

Many of the men were opposed to turning out at all, but were driven into it by leaders, and consequently they discountenanced the course pursued, and took no part in the troubles.

Many opinions have been expressed with regard to the conduct of Mr. Seymour, the contractor, and in our editorial columns we have adverted to the subject, rendering it unnecessary to canvass it further in this place.

In another ten minutes, after artfully detaining the scout with questions to gain breathing time, they were in sight of the French Canadian inn, the owner of which had too sincere an eye to business not always heartily to welcome the British officers.

"So, ho! my man, some wine," said the captain, casting himself upon a bench.

"And what will you take, Otto?" asked Frank Wilton, kindly.

"Rum," said the Indian, with a smile.

The man who had gone for the horses now entered, and joined the Indian in his fiery draught, after which they both stretched themselves down upon the ground before the fire.

"What say you to dinner?" said Lechmere, when a copious draught of Bordeaux had restored his good humor.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," replied Frank, with a smile.

"Dinner, old leather chops!" cried Lechmere.

"Oh! Yes—dat is, yes, me lord. Main, not down here—up de stairs," said the pallid Frenchman, uneasily.

"He is afraid of visitors," replied Frank, rising; "in which case we might meet with awkward people. Let us go up-stairs."

"Just as you like," said Lechmere.

They went up-stairs to a little small room in a remote part of the house, where, after some delay, a dinner, sufficiently comfortable to afford an hour or two's enjoyment, was brought in. Both were hungry from their long walk, and did it ample justice.

As he brought up the last bottle of wine asked for, mine host requested they would be very quiet, as there were two or three habitans down-stairs, and it being nearly evening, his house would soon be full.

"Of out-throat rebels, I suppose," said Lechmere, slapping him on the back.

"I serve de everybody and de everything," said mine host, grinning.

"Then give us some of your best cigars and a pack of cards. Don't look horrified, Frank; we'll only play for the cigars."

"I don't mind," said Frank, who did mind, because he knew he had a leaning to this most fatal and attractive of all the excitements invented by man.

Hitherto, from strict regard to his very moderate means, he had resisted.

"I hardly know how to play," he said.

"You can learn ecarté in five minutes," replied Lechmere.

And Frank Wilton did learn ecarté in five minutes, and more than that; playing games for cigars, won five or six, and then playing for the wine and the dinner, won all, until he got quite flushed and excited at his small winnings.

"Hang it! I never saw such luck," said the captain, dashing down the cards; "you've won about a pound of me. Come, just eight games for half a crown each."

What could poor human nature do? Having won, Frank Wilton was ashamed not to play again.

He had won five games and lost one when a knock came to the door.

The captain frowned. His victim was in his hands. What need to kill or slay if he could make a gambler of him? Would not that be ruin in itself, and out him off as well as death from all hope of Florence or her uncle's favor?

The scout entered.

"Better go," he said. "Yankee very suspicious. Drink much soon, and search the house."

"We had better go," said Frank.

"I suppose we must," was the sulky reply of Lechmere.

The landlord here appeared in search of the amount of his bill, and informed them that a small back door was open.

Somebody, he said, had seen the tracks of their horses, and insisted that he was hiding Britishers. Hitherto he had kept them quiet, but as soon as the drink became more potent in its effects upon them, he could not answer for their safety.

Lechmere now saw the gravity of the circumstance, and, rising, readily followed their guide down-stairs. Ottawa was steadily in his steps, and bade them be the same.

The shadows of evening were upon the scene, and it was as much as they could do at first to distinguish the place where their horses stood fastened under trees.

There were other horses about the establishment, or they would have been betrayed long before.

As it was, no sooner were they in the saddle than the two horses gave a simultaneous neigh.

"The bloody varmints are escaping," shouted a dozen voices from inside the inn; "give it to the sanguinary Britishers."

Frank gave spur to his horse.

"Drop them both," roared a savage voice, in rapturous delight; "tis the captain and the lieutenant I told of."

"Sacre, beles!" growled a voice.

The captain appeared startled or bewildered by what he heard, for he turned round in the saddle as he clutched his pistols.

"Surely I know that voice," he said.

He spoke no more, for a rapid volley was heard, and the riderless horse was in a minute beside Frank Wilton.

"Good God, Lechmere!" he said, "are you much hurt? Where are you?"

He saw him about thirty yards behind, lying with his arms outspread, face down, on the ground.

"He's a dead 'un," said a voice near him; "as dead as you'll be, maister, if you don't step it. Here they come, for all the world like mad bulls into a china shop! Go it, Maister Frank!"

As he spoke, the Canadian habitant who had fetched the horses leaped into the saddle, and cutting the officer's horse a swinging slash over the flank, set spurs to his own.

Then came shouting and hallooing behind, and one or two stray shots, and at last the last clatter of horses' hoofs.

"Away, away, maister!" shouted the man. "I knows them horses—they're good 'uns to go; but we've the start of 'em."

"Are you sure Captain Lechmere was killed?" asked Frank.

"He fell off his horse like a lump of lead."

"Poor fellow!"

"A precious rogue, as was never no friend to you, sir," said the man.

"Who and what are you?" said Frank Wilton, in astonishment.

"Why, Jack Jinks, to be sure," grinned the other, from ear to ear.

"And what, in Heaven's name, brought you here?" cried Frank.

"You, sir."

"Who sent you?" asked Frank, looking at him with a frown.

"My new maister."

"Your new maister! And, pray, who is he?"

"Why, your father, to be sure."

Frank pulled up, and as there was now no sound of horses in pursuit, stopped and looked the other full in the face.

"Have you left Sir Roland?"

"Why, you see, sir, Sir Roland took on so about Miss Florence. He's gone abroad; and so has he sent I to look for miss, and I found your father a looking for miss too. I takes him for my maister; and then says he, 'Jinks, you go and look after my son, while I looks after miss.'"

"My father sent you after me?"

"Well, sir, you see, Master Stephen de Lacy sent a certain Rolfe—as ugly a customer as any in England—out here to waylay and murder you."

"But why?"

"Cause he loves Miss Florence, and I don't know how many other reasons."

"But has this man really come?"

"As sure as eggs is eggs. He's the chap as shot the captain a trying to shoot you," said John Jinks, with a grin.

Frank said no more. It was something to escape a cruel death, but it was very painful to have been the cause of death to others.

"No trace had been found of Miss Florence when you left?" said Frank.

"Only as she had escaped the clutches of Stephen de Lacy," replied Jack.

"And my father is not angry with me?"

"No; why should he be?"

Jack Jinks then, in his lucid way, gave a narrative of all he knew about the state of affairs in England, which lasted until they arrived at the fort.

The commanding officer was himself standing on the ramparts when they rode up.

"Where is Captain Lechmere?" he asked, eagerly.

Frank Wilton bowed his head.

"Good heavens! a prisoner?"

"I fear dead," said the young officer; "but if you will grant me an interview, I will explain all."

"Speak," said the captain, hurriedly, as they entered the room.

"He was murdered by a private assassin, who came all the way from England to take my life," said Frank.

"Sit down, my boy," said the good-natured captain. "I have business to talk of. But, first, tell me your story."

And he did, in as few words as possible.

"What a terrible narrative! Frank, your life has been miraculously preserved, while Captain Lechmere has fallen a victim to his own obstinacy. We will talk of this another time."

"You spoke of business, captain," said Frank, rising.

"Yes, my boy; every officer is wanted, for to-night the great attempt on the fort will be made."

Frank Wilton immediately retired, by permission, to write those letters which a brave man feels the necessity of writing on the eve of battle.

(To be continued.)

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As of the skylites sum darned retch, for "greens,"
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The yellier sun is rising in the yeast,
For bred to labor calling man and beast,
While old Sol's beams cum down in goldin showers,
Inspectin all the different kinder flours;
And purty soon they'll drane each joocy cup,
And make each blade in jools drest "dry up."
The burds, a flutterin from thar leafy hums,
In songs onseesin jines the cherrybuns;
For a'ith and hev'n's kunnested, sum folks thinks,
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Here, for a spell, the mews the curtain draws—
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With poll in hand, and reddest kinder hair,
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Cows, full of milk, is bellerin for the pails,
With beekin horns and tellygraffin tails;
Down in the meeders box of luvly lama
Drops sweet refreshment from a hundred d-s;
The hens is cackling over eggs bespoke;
The steers is standing ready for the yoke;
And hogs, impaysbunt for the ush will,
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Columby's egls taks thar mornin hops,
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Pardin the mews of how she holds her hand,
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On Saturday morning they were again paraded, and the Colonel having received a requisition from the Sheriff and the Mayor, prepared to march to the scene of the contest.

About half-past nine o'clock, the military, having been provided with thirteen round of ball cartridges, took up their line of march, accompanied by several special policemen and citizens of Hudson City.

Arriving at the tunnel, the laborers who had been engaged for the occasion commenced removing the obstructions, in which they were aided by the military, but as often as the track was cleared the rioters again encumbered it.

After every argument had been exhausted by Mayor Collard, General Hatfield and several others in trying to dissuade the rioters from continually putting on the obstacles, after they had been removed by the laborers employed by the railroad, at about one o'clock a consultation was held, and it was determined to arrest the most prominent of the rioters. Accordingly, the baggage car attached to the train was fitted up for the reception of prisoners; a large coil of rope was cut into short pieces and unraveled to be used in tying up the rioters after being arrested. Soon the word was given that all the arrangements to receive prisoners were perfected, and in a few minutes after Mayor Collard appeared with the first prisoner, a thickset, brutal-looking fellow, who gave the name of Michael McAndrew.

Arrests were then made with great rapidity, and forty-three prisoners were taken, placed in the cars and the train was slowly backed down to Bergen Junction, a distance of about three quarters of a mile. The military marched on either side of the train, and at the junction the prisoners were landed. The military then formed in hollow square; the prisoners were then marched in pairs between the soldiers and taken to the Bergen county jail and locked up; the streets were lined with spectators, and many of whom loudly expressed their satisfaction at the arrest of the belligerents.

On Sunday evening, some of the rioters who had escaped arrest made an attack upon the house of Mr. Alfred Austin, on account of his having rendered great aid to the Mayor during the day, in making arrests. Stones were thrown through the windows, and one fell on the bed in which a little child was sleeping, but fortunately doing no injury.

The Mayor, with about a dozen citizens, then made a search through the neighboring shanties and succeeded in identifying and arresting one of the men engaged in the riot.

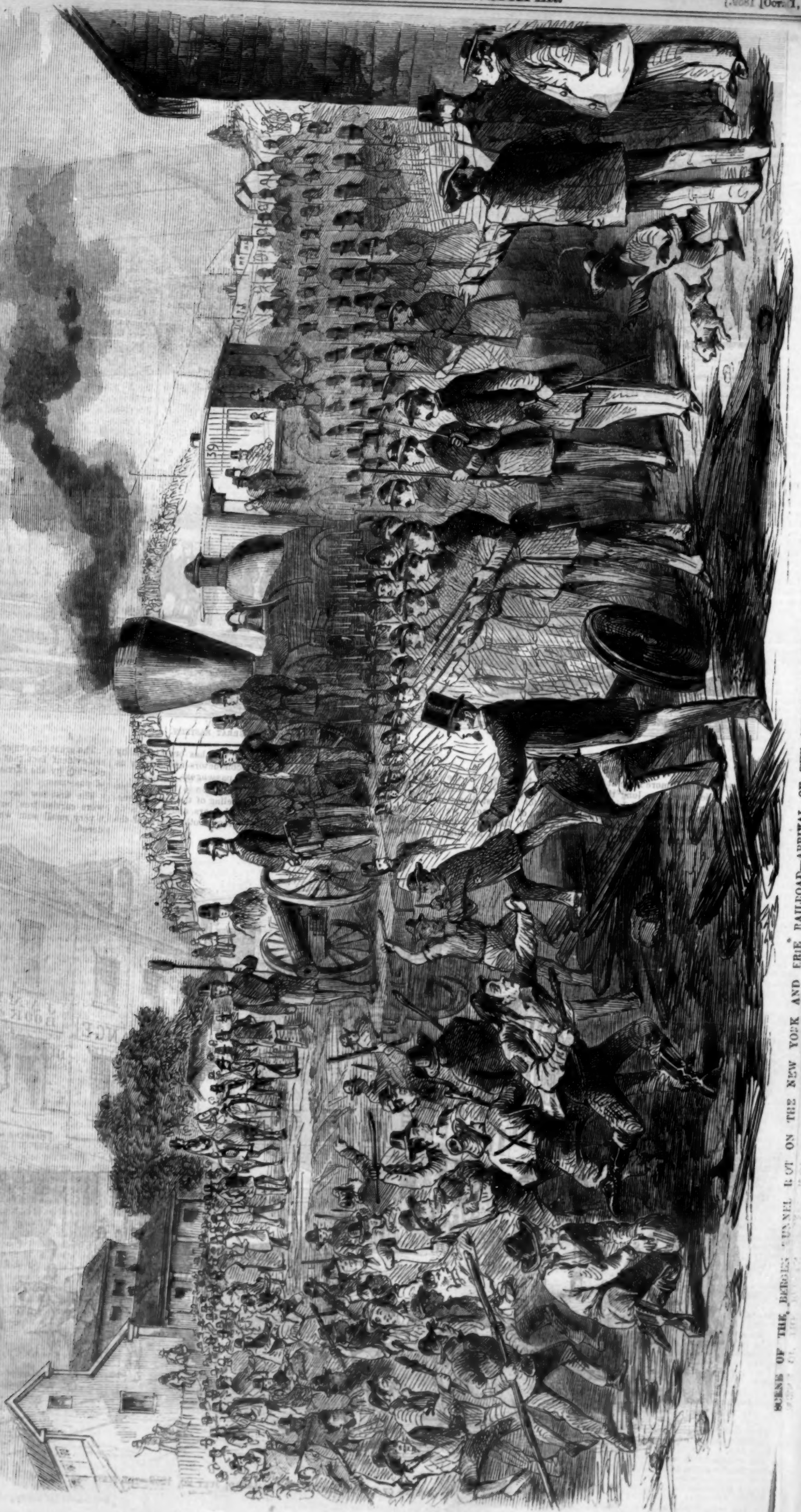
On the Monday and Tuesday following, the prisoners, numbering in all seventy-two, were brought before Mayor Collard, and after a lengthened inquiry, thirty-three were discharged for want of evidence, and thirty-nine detained to await the action of the Grand Jury. They were afterwards admitted to bail, some in the sum of one thousand dollars, some at five hundred dollars, and a few at two hundred and fifty dollars.

At the time we write nearly all the men have returned to work, the contractor having engaged to pay them on the 1st of October next the whole amount due.

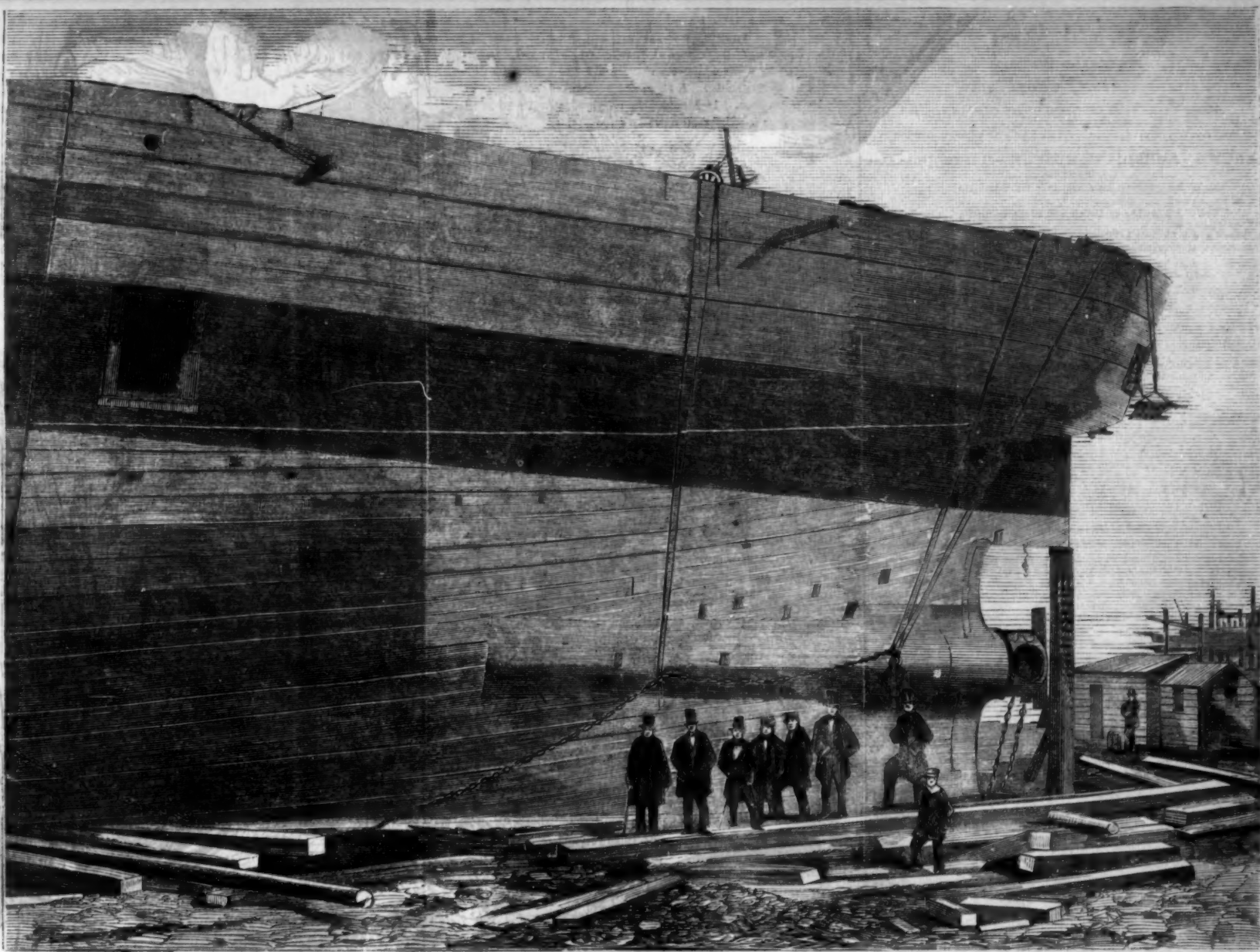
Many of the men were opposed to turning out at all, but were driven into it by leaders, and consequently they discountenanced the course pursued, and took no part in the troubles.

Many opinions have been expressed with regard to the conduct of Mr. Seymour, the contractor, and in our editorial columns we have adverted to the subject, rendering it unnecessary to canvass it further in this place.

Amongst those arrested on Sunday was a young man named Patrick Smith, who had been married that morning to a pleasant-looking, good-natured young Irish woman. The train went out for a short bridal trip, and crossing over to Jersey City, proceeded to the scene of the riot. Here Patrick unfortunately got into the clutches of an officer, and was taken to the jail along with the other prisoners. The young woman, whose beloved Patrick was so unceremoniously taken from her, has been almost constantly and unceasingly interceding with the Mayor and District Attorney Little for the release of her husband. The young bride declares that they were coming over the field to the scene of riot when her husband met an acquaintance (one of the tunnel men), and while conversing officers came up and arrested them. Officer Dunn believed that he recognized accused taking part with the rioters, and consequently he was required to find bonds for his appearance before he could be released.



SCENE OF THE BERGEN TUNNEL RIOT ON THE NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD—ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY—ARREST AND DISPERSAL OF THE RIOTERS.—AS WITNESSED BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



VIEW OF THE STERN OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

HORSE RAIL CARS IN BALTIMORE.

The citizens of Baltimore have at length opened their eyes to the necessity which has for a long time existed for city railroads, and on Wednesday, the 20th of July, a car was seen for the first time.

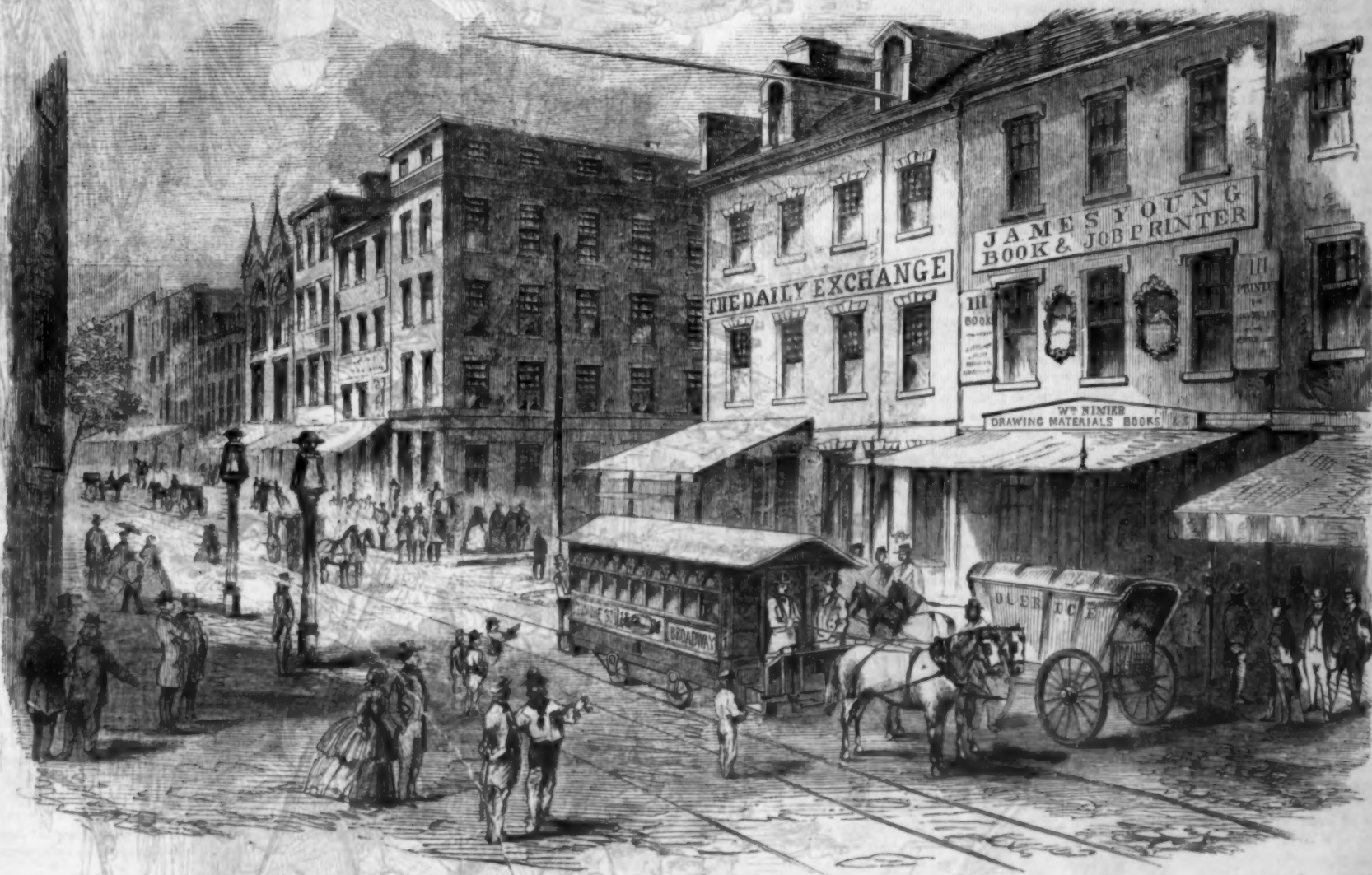
Through the agency of Messrs. Fischer & Co., of Baltimore, we are enabled to present our readers with a drawing of the car, from a photograph taken immediately before the starting on the first trip.

The cars are comfortably fitted up, and care has been taken by the managers to engage such men for conductors and drivers as will use their best efforts on behalf of the passengers.

The company have experienced much opposition to their scheme from various interested persons, but the feeling of the people generally appears to be strongly in favor of the cars, and there is no doubt that, ere long, lines will be in progress in other parts of the city.

The great convenience of the cars is unquestionable, and it is a self-evident fact that the roadway would be less blocked up by a car than by the carriages necessary to carry an equivalent number of passengers.

The first few days on which the cars were running passengers were carried free, but the fare has since been fixed at three cents, a very small sum when the amount of benefit received is considered.



OPENING OF THE BALTIMORE CITY RAILROAD, JULY 20, 1889—THE FIRST CAR

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HOUSTON STREET.
THE NEW ORIGINAL COMEDY
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EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,
with a cast comprising the
ENTIRE STRENGTH OF THE COMEDY COMPANY.
Doors open at seven; to commence at eight o'clock.
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REOPENING.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
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Also the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents,
Happy Family, &c., &c.
Admission to all, 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1859

ARTISTS and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic
contributions either of the pen or pencil for the *Budget of Fun*.
The price to be stated when forwarded.

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of the subscriber, and addressed to the Office of this Paper, and a receipt
taken therefor from the Express Agent or Messenger.

Topics of the Week.

THE most exciting subject of conversation has been the riot at
Bergen Tunnel, caused by the failure of Mr. Seymour, the con-
tractor, to pay the laborers. There is so much hard swearing in
the matter that it is difficult to know exactly where the most blame
lies. We have given a sketch of the scene on Sunday, when
the forbearance, courage and admirable coolness of Gen. Hatfield
saved the effusion of blood. We are informed by several of the
Highwood Guard that the conduct of Mr. Seymour was so dis-
graceful, that if the defrauded laborers had lynched him on the
spot not one of the military there would have raised a hand to
save him. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that, instead of
destroying the railroad traffic, the rioters did not tar and feather
the cause of the trouble, for with the exception of a few bigoted
and ignorant persons, the entire sympathies of the people were
with the rioters. This alone saved them from the immediate
punishment their violence deserved; for, however great their
cause of complaint against a defaulting agent may be, it can
never be admitted for a moment that, even in so lawless a State
as New Jersey, an ignorant and brutal mob is to set all law at
defiance. Among other grievances, the workmen complain that
they have been charged an exorbitant price for their goods, which
they were obliged to buy at this man Seymour's store, in some cases
coming to nearly double their value. This system of barter, more
especially when compulsory, ought to be abolished. It is a fraud
from beginning to end. In justice to Mr. Seymour, we ought to
add that it has been asserted the Railroad Company purposely
fomented the riot, in order to throw the contract into the hands
of another person, and that several of the rioters were not em-
ployed on the works at all, being merely loafers and disorderly
persons. We trust those men will be severely dealt with. We
must also notice the blundering manner in which the arrests
were made, several of the persons apprehended having nothing
whatever to do with it, being merely distant spectators. Mayor
Collard does not seem fit for his office.

The departure of our old hero, General Scott, for our Pacific
coast, is much commented on. It certainly seems undignified, at
first blush, to send our greatest soldier on so remote an affair; but it
may be rather remote than unimportant, since, with such unwise
servants as Harney and Douglas, the two greatest and the only
free nations in the world may be embroiled. Both Governor
Douglas and Captain Harney ought to be recalled and rebuked.
At the same time, should the island really belong to us, we
hope no unworthy fear of consequences will be allowed to inter-
fere with the assertion of our rights. This may be unpalatable
doctrine to those merchants whose ledger is their Bible, and who
would sell the national honor for thirty pieces of silver; yet it is
the foundation of American Independence, and must be main-
tained at all hazards. In the meantime, if the solution is left to
the hero of Mexico, we need have no fear for the result. All
that prudence and valor can accomplish will be done. Since the
death of Wellington, Winfield Scott stands at the head of those
soldiers whose watch word is—Duty! Is there no hope of seeing
our greatest soldier our chief magistrate? Apropos of this little
cloud between England and ourselves, how degrading it is to con-
template the ground taken by some of our daily papers. The
wretched tricksters who own and conduct these journals never
enter into the right of the question, but, like swindlers, who
avail themselves of the necessities of a victim, they coolly advise
this country to press the point with England, whether we are
right or wrong, since she never would dare to go to war with us
for such a trifle in the present state of European politics, and
with Cherbourg frowning on her southern coast. This is the logic
of a Wall street shaver, and not of an American citizen. If we
are right, we will fight, however strong our enemy may be. If
we find we are wrong, no consideration should induce us to press
an unjust claim. With nations as with men, honesty is the best
policy. It has guided our Republic throughout its history, as
evidenced by the purchase of territory we could have taken by
force of arms; it was evidenced by resigning our rights of con-
quest in Mexico. We are quite sure the principle will guide us
in the present dispute.

The brutal assault upon the editor of the *Daily News* naturally
excites the indignation of the press. We trust the bully will be
severely punished. It is remarkable that men, otherwise callous,

should be so sensitive to public reproach. Not long ago a long-
haired animal, connected with a temperance menagerie, was so
fritated at some allusion in an illustrated paper to a donkey, that
after imbibing a little Dutch courage, he went to the office and
brayed unmistakably. A reprimand from his employers brought
him to penitence. If MacCabe's employers were to administer
the same dose it might be equally effective.

The State of Europe.

EVERY fresh arrival from Europe confirms the opinion we ex-
pressed when we heard of the Peace of Villafranca. The Italian
war has become a European question. It was idle to try to
localise such a complicated question as Italian independence.
When Louis Napoleon dipped in that bag he found snakes
instead of eels. Compelled to furnish a spectacle for the people
of France, he chose the hackneyed one of Liberty, and made his
first appearance in the character of a Liberator; but he found a
suspicious and malignant critic in the Pope, and, after a few
dramatic situations and terrific combats, he brought the drama
to an abrupt termination at Solferino. In his anxiety to propi-
tiate that walking gentleman, Francis Joseph, he promised certain
things which he cannot perform without stultifying himself, and
making himself ridiculous to even such panderers as Walewski,
Morny and some of his New York admirers. Hence it is said
the Zurich conferences have come to an abortive end, and Louis
Napoleon maunders, through the *Moniteur*, that if the people of
Modena and Tuscany do not restore their deposed and fugitive
tyrants, he will permit Austria to revenge itself upon the Vene-
tians.

Such a threat is worthy the man of the 2d of December.
But even Austria would think twice before it ventured to put
Venetia on the rack to punish the Modeneses and Tuscans. Gar-
ibaldi and his Italian warriors could not fail to respond to the
cries of Venice, and Sardinia would be carried along, supported
by European sympathies, to smite her Austrian insulter; and
with what face could Louis Napoleon assist the iron oppressor of
Italy?

It is our belief that Italy is nearer independence than is com-
monly supposed, and certainly nearer than Louis Napoleon
wishes, for a free Italy would be more even than those supple
slaves, the French, could endure.

In the meantime, the Papal troops threaten to assist the Duke
of Modena, but yet shrink from giving Garibaldi a pretext to
rouse all Italy to arms. That the conflict will come is evident,
for the Papal States must take fire when the flame burns all
around them. In addition to these elements of disturbance, we
have the growing estrangement between France and England.
The domination of France means the Saturnalia of blood. Be-
fore many years we shall see Europe again combine to lay her in
the dust. The *Moniteur*, in its recent article, boldly avows the
melancholy fact that France is the only nation that wars for war's
sake. It says:

"That portion of the Treaty of Villafranca not having been carried
out, Austria will find herself freed from all engagements taken in
favor of Venetia. Instead of a policy of reconciliation and peace,
defiance and hatred will be seen to reappear, which will entail fresh
misfortune."

"War would be the only way to solve the difficulty, but Italy
must be aware that one power alone makes war for an idea, and
that is France."

The student of history will confirm this dictum. Other nations
fight for practical results—for liberty and social advancement.
"Only one nation makes war for an idea," and that idea is
carnage! It is hopeless to look for regeneration to the country
of Robespierre. It must come from some other race than that
which considers the drum and the fife as the instruments of
civilization.

Sensation Sermons.

ONE week ago last Sabbath, a clergyman of Brooklyn named
Harris, William E. Harris—we charge nothing for the notice—
preached a sermon on the "Moral Influence of the Opera,"
which was supposed from its caption, certainly not by its merit,
to be worthy of notice and report in the daily papers. We, wish-
ing to add our mite to the notoriety of Mr. Harris, have certain
remarks to make, which we trust will apply not only to this in-
dividual case, but to each and every pulpit orator through the
land, whether he be like the last Don Quixote in that line before
Mr. Harris, a Connecticut stroller, or a Fifth Avenue fashionable
exponent.

It would be useless for the press to run a tilt against sensation
sermons. The church has so seasoned its hashes of late, that the
ears of congregations cannot be regaled on anything less than
the hottest and most peppering discourse. They cannot go back
to the days of straightforward sensible teaching, such as our
fathers listened to; if they did, they would be drones in the esti-
mation of their fast flocks, and would be left to starve, while the
more showy men would fill their place. There is only one thing
against which we protest; it is this constant repetition, with ridi-
culous verbiage and ignorant untruths, of their attacks upon the
stage and the opera-house. There are so many better subjects, so
many that would pay them a fuller return, and are much more
worthy of their steel. Let us suggest one for example: the
press. Why cannot some of the sensation preachers, or some
young aspirant panting for notoriety, pitch into the newspapers?
Why not show up their immorality, their dishonesty and untruth-
fulness? Let them take this matter in hand and they will reach
their end far sooner. They will be honored with reports in the
great dailies, squibbed in the weeklies and elaborately attacked
in the rural sheets. They will work up more capital from one
attack of this kind than by forty blows at the stage and the
opera, who are voiceless to defend themselves.

This Mr. Harris starts with the understanding that mankind
is divided into two classes—the merry and the serious. He, how-
ever, objects to a merry face, declaring he would not trust it with
suspense if it could never be sorrowful and weep, and he "would
as lief take a dose of jlap" as have a lugubrious man in his
presence on occasions of enjoyment. Mr. Harris, arrogating to
himself a taste for music, and declaring that its tones first worked
his own conversion, continues by saying, "Some men have no
more music in their compositions than an old tin kettle, and the
squeaking of a litter of pigs, at a dollar apiece, was sweeter to them
than the divinest anthem." Mr. Harris went on by stating the
following objections: First, much of the music of the opera is

vicious. If this is so, how is it that the church—we make no
distinction in denominations—always take their best and most
telling airs from this source. Is it that the airs which become
popular are the ones that lack the vicious principle and are used
accordingly, while those that do not seem to strike popular taste
are the naughty ones. Secondly, he says: It is an amusement
without an improvement. Ah! does it improve mankind to
read great poems, to look at wondrous pictures, to hear great
eloquence? When we receive a dissent to this, we will believe
the first proposition worthy of argument. Thirdly, the associa-
tions of the opera-house are generally bad and fearfully contam-
inating. This is so wholesale and sweeping an assertion that it is
impossible to handle it. Whether it is intended to apply to per-
formers or audience, or whether to both, we are at a loss to say.
We shall simply content ourselves by putting it on the list of un-
truths, stated by one who has had no opportunity, from the cir-
cumstances of his life, to amend his ignorance. This ignorance
he displays through the whole of his discourse. He forgets
through all he says that music is an education, and in attacking
it in its very highest form he is only pleading for the same short-
coming as he is personally laboring under. He is declaring in
favor of the very cultivation of those unmusical ears delighting
in the squealing of pigs; and he is taking away from the church
its greatest attraction, even in these days of flash preaching and
notoriety-seeking clergymen.

To drop Mr. Harris and disclaim in his case any personality
beyond what is necessary in taking a more than ordinary example
of the class, we go back to this matter between the pulpit and the
stage. We trust that we have heard the last of the sensation
sermons preached upon that subject. Each class has its mission
to perform, and each route is different. It will not take one
listener from the weekly sermon should they see fit to build a
hundred opera-houses or theatres in every city of the Union.
The pulpit, as we said, is attacking a voiceless enemy; let them
understand this; let them farther understand that they can hope
to make as little impression by these attacks as though they were
preaching against an institution of nature. The stage has always
existed in some form, and will always exist. During the Christian
era it has taken its strongest form from the church, and to it the
church is indebted for many of its most telling ideas. Let them
farther remember that a clergyman, if his practice be like his
profession, must be the most ignorant of men upon theatrical or
operatic matters. Whether speaking against or in its defence,
he only displays that ignorance, and so let us have no more of it;
we are surfeited. Pulpit versus Stage is played out.

Ignorance and Fraud.

WITHIN the last week the citizens of New York have had a most
extraordinary instance of these two crimes, if we may so term
them, thrust forcibly upon their notice.

Less than a thousand ignorant Irishmen have been allowed,
within a mile or two of Broadway, to form themselves into an
army, and taking law into their own hands, stop all travel for
three days upon one of the most important roads of the country,
the Erie, to the discomfort, disappointment and pecuniary loss of
perhaps a hundred thousand people.

It is natural that the question should be asked, How is this?
The answer is, that a contractor has gathered together upon a
section of this road, this body of ignorant men, with brute in-
stincts entirely predominating, for the purposes of labor. They
have labored in accordance with the requirements of the employ-
er, who in his turn has failed to pay them for this labor, seeking
to make these men, without mental instincts, amenable to the
same laws that govern the merchant, the lawyer or the man of
money. The result has been that these men break forth in open
rebellion, and forgetting that the law has left a remedy open to
them, as to all other men, they turn upon the property belonging
to their debtors and make illegal use of it, to the great loss of
these debtors. In answer to all remonstrance or threat, they only
answer, "We want our money."

This is a simple statement of the case. Mr. Seymour, who at
the time of the disturbance, held the contract for the work to be
performed on the Bergen tunnel, a work for which in its present
state the Erie road is not legally responsible, employed these men
and failed to pay them. Partially from want of the money and
partially from the innate desire for a row, they struck from their
work, and instead of turning their attention directly to Mr. Sey-
mour, as they should have done, they commenced proceedings
against the road, by stopping its travel. The paltry sum of
twenty-five thousand dollars would have paid these men and
stopped all further difficulty, and the Erie road would have been
the gainer in a pecuniary sense, if they had paid this sum twice
over, to say nothing of the disgrace it has brought with it, which
would have been avoided.

There is a moral connected with this affair which will fit other
feet than Mr. Seymour's, and we pray them to wear it. It is
this infamous speculation on ignorant labor. This trading in
flesh and blood that puts the worst of barbarian slavery to the
blush. This sweating the life-blood out of men with store orders
at an advance of a hundred per cent, and the determinate crush-
ing and degrading of the laborer, until he becomes worse than the
beast of the field.

There is another moral, which, if they are not too besotted and
ignorant to understand, we would read to the laborers of the
Bergen tunnel, and all other tunnels and works, public and pri-
vate, through the land. It is, that they must remember that their
degradation is of their own choosing. They have come to a land
flowing with milk and honey, but unfortunately with whiskey
also. They have their choice, and they choose too much of the
latter. The better disposed of the people bear patiently with
their shortcomings. They do bear with, have borne with them,
and they will bear with them to a certain degree; but let them
beware of the feather that broke the camel's back. When such
an occurrence as that of the past week comes off within fifteen
minutes of a great city like New York, teeming with a population
intimidated to the race who got it up, and is passed over in silence,
we look for a great cause. We find this great cause in a sym-
pathy with the wants of labor and with these unpaid men. Let
the rioters beware of its repetition. It is a great risk, even with
a great cause.

About the only person we ever heard of that was not spoiled by
being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Count de Morny's address and what is thought of it on both sides the Channel—the new paper, *L'Opinion Nationale*; a romance connected with its founding—change in the weather; a warm weather legacy; a new drink, the *Soyezet*, how it is made, a suggestion to New York barkeepers—Morny's affairs; Paris or Madrid—Gardoni and the new man, Morini—Calzado in search of a tenor; a musical miracle; a female tenor; how a manager was taken in; the female tenor's unaccountable disappearance.

PARIS, Sept. 4, 1889.

THAT unfortunate address of the Count de Morny, the Emperor's half-brother, to the Council-General of the department Puy de Dôme, continues to be the subject of comment both here and in that island over the Channel, characterized, for some reason unknown to the subscriber, as the "right little, tight little" one. The London *Times* came down upon it at once with an article in true Thunderer style, and followed up the attack by several succeeding leaders, in which it called De Morny's oration "a reckless tirade," "an attempt to revive the antagonism of the two countries," &c., &c. The distinguished orator meets with hardly less severity at the hands of his own countrymen. M. Peyrat writes two articles in *La Presse* on the subject, and treats the address in the most unsparing manner. De Morny, you know—for his speech has doubtless found its way into the American journals by this time—describes all the ill feeling, present or future, between France and England, to the orators and editors of the latter country, whom he represents as not inspired by true patriotism, but by the vulgar desire for a vulgar popularity. M. Peyrat, with invincible logic, proves the noble Count to be radically in error, since what he advances is neither true in theory nor in practice, is not based upon a correct judgment, and lastly—a great point with a Frenchman—is lacking sadly in courtesy. It remains to be seen in what light the English will regard M. Peyrat's rejoinder. It seems such a hopeless task to eradicate John Bull's hatred for his vivacious neighbors, that even this friendly overture may be looked upon with distrust, and it is quite possible that the old verse of Virgil's, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, will find its modern application.

And now while my talk runs upon newspapers, let me say a word of the newly-founded one which made its first appearance on Thursday last. It is started by M. Adolphe Guérout, as I have mentioned in a former letter, a man well-known in the ranks of journalism here, and who held the post of editor-in-chief of *La Presse* when that journal was the property of M. Millard. M. Guérout's chief difficulty in starting *L'Opinion Nationale*—the name of the new paper—and one which for a time seemed insurmountable, was the procuring of the necessary funds. The financial gentlemen usually looked to in these cases were very "backward in coming forward," to use an Irishism, and the enterprise lingered. One day, at last, the specie poured in upon the nearly-discouraged editor, and from a totally unexpected quarter. The welcome succor came from a fellow-journalist, who in a single day had been lifted from the chronic impecuniosity of literary Bohemianism to the dazzling regions of millionaireism.

This lucky fellow is a certain André de Goy, who, for several years, was professor of French at Cambridge College, in the United States, and also edited in 1839 a French newspaper in New York, which lived three months or so. This clever, good-natured fellow was just managing to earn his bread and cheese on the Parisian press, when a relative at Bordeaux, by whom he thought himself forgotten, and who, perhaps, had passed out of his own recollection, died, leaving him heir to a million and a half of francs. M. de Goy makes such a splendid use of this heaven-sent fortune, that his friends in Bohemia have conferred upon him the title of the Abbé Faria, from Dumas's novel of "Monte Christo." If he is in danger, through his kindheartedness, of eating up his inheritance a little too fast, he does it with praiseworthy and honorable objects, differing happily in this from the great number of heirs who devour their patrimony and preserve nothing of it but regrets.

The azure skies that we of Paris have been blessed with during the last six weeks have given way to gray, portentous clouds; the sun's warm rays are replaced by disagreeable winds, and occasionally a spiteful little shower descends when the peacock of fashion is displaying its gay plumage on the Boulevards, and forces the bird, with drooped feathers, to seek the first shelter in its way.

But we have not had warm weather for nothing. The dog days have left their memory behind them in a delicious beverage. They have bequeathed to the Parisian world a new drink? (What legacy more welcome!) A drink called the *Soyezet*, though whether or no in honor of the late lamented Alexis your correspondent is unable to state. The tippie, at all events, is delightful, and, as a next summer hint for your New York barkeepers, I will give you an inkling of how it is made. The *Soyezet* is a mixture of melted snow, sliced orange, champagne, ice and seltzer water. In the variety of its components it bears a striking resemblance to the sherry-cobbler of Yankee-doodle-land, but that it is infinitely above that concoction in point of palatable-provocativeness you can rely upon the assertion of the undersigned, who has tasted of the liquid and found it good.

Calzado, the really enterprising manager of the Italiens, has not, as yet, been able to make an engagement with Mario, who now vacillates between Paris and Madrid. The great tenor had undertaken to manage an operatic enterprise in the Spanish capital, in partnership with one Monsieur B. But Monsieur B., it seems, after all the preparations are made, finds some difficulty in getting a royal licence, a suitable opera-house, or something of that sort. This difficulty is not overcome, and affairs are at a standstill. The courtly Mario, pulled towards both capitals, remains, as it were, astride of the Pyrenees ("on the fence" as we would call it at home), and undecided which way to turn. Perhaps he will yet fall into the nets spread for him by the anxious Calzado.

Meanwhile, as a sort of small change for Mario, we have Gardoni, who has been engaged for seven months at a salary of \$50,000 francs, and are promised a Signor Morini, a new man, with a fresh voice, in reality a German; and having a name like the sneeze of a man with a very bad cold in his head.

There has been no end to M. Calzado's troubles in getting a tenor, and many are the hoaxes of which he has been the victim. One mystification more curious than the rest, since it turns upon what has been heretofore thought a physiological impossibility, deserves mention here.

One morning, while the clever impresario was sitting with some friends in his salon, two strangers were introduced—a lady and a young man. From the lady's face you could see that she had not seen her twentieth birthday very recently, but her companion had a handsome, intelligent countenance, a fine form and a rich and tasteful costume. After the usual civilities, the female unknown said to M. Calzado:

"Monsieur, I know that you are greatly in want of a tenor. Well, just look at my companion—what do you think of him? Isn't he a fine-looking man? I assure you that his singing is better than his plumage. He is equal to Tamborlik and Mario put together, and multiplied by Fraschini and Giuglini. He has already appeared at several theatres in Italy, but family considerations (he is of noble birth, sic) induced him to leave the stage for a time. He now proposes to return to his laurels, and I am sure that, after having heard him, you will want him to gather them at your own establishment."

M. Calzado proposed that the young man should give them a taste of his quality at once. Here the lady explained that her companion, not having had sufficient experience in public singing, would be embarrassed by the presence of the company, and his execution thereby rendered faulty. It was accordingly arranged that the strangers should be left alone in the salon, and that M. Calzado and his friends should go into the dining-room, where, with the door open and a screen drawn before it, they would be able to hear without seeing the singer.

The manager and his friends are convinced beforehand that some horrible saw-ding is in store for them. They listen, however, imagine their stupefaction when, a moment after, the melodious tones of a vibrating, sympathetic and voluminous voice fall upon the ears of the musical connoisseurs. There could be no mistake about it, it was a tenor! a real tenor! oh! marvel of marvels! M. Calzado was crazy with joy, and congratulations poured in upon the young and handsome tenor, who replied by a modest bow, but spoke not a word.

Another meeting was agreed upon. The hour and day for a decisive hearing were set down. For the second trial M. Calzado convoked a number of men whose words are law in the musical world. The critics, attracted by the promise of a recently discovered tenor, were punctual to the minute.

But the tenor, where was he? The lady who had chaperoned

him on the previous occasion was present, and rapidly pacing the stage.

But the tenor, the *rara avis*, he was the one that was wanted.

"He will not come," said the lady at last.

"Why not?" was the immediate question.

"Because his presence to-day is useless."

"Useless!" exclaimed the assembled musicians in chorus.

"Yes, gentlemen, useless," added the lady, casting a proud look upon the spectators; "useless, since I am the tenor! The other is nothing but my sign, my puppet!"

At this astounding piece of information, Calzado wildly crushed his hat upon his head, and fled the female presence to return no more.

Those remaining asked the tenor in crinoline to sing something. Without more ado, the lady sang a cavatina from "I due Foscari."

The woman was unquestionably a tenor, the same tenor that had been previously heard. They recognized her method, her voice and her talent. For she has talent, but she also has rather too many wrinkles, and here enthusiasm grows cold. The illusion was destroyed.

I have not been able to learn the name of this woman-tenor, who was not seen to leave the theatre after her second and last hearing. That she has hidden herself in some dark corner and will pop out some night this winter with her cavatina in her mouth, that she will lie in ambush for the manager and demand of him an engagement or his life, that she has disappeared through some trapdoor, are suppositions all equally well founded, in the opinion of your humble servant.

FRANÇOIS.

Personal.

MR. S. B. WAUGH, whose beautiful picture of "The Magdalen" now keeps a constant crowd of people before Williams & Stephens' window, where it is on exhibition, started out as a boy, with half-a-dollar in his pocket, a violin under his arm and his shoes in his hand, to become an artist. That these are the sort of men real artists are made of, artists who achieve a deserved success we mean, is proved by the fact that Mr. Waugh now has an elegant residence at Wardenstown, N. J., and derives a large income from the sale of his pictures.

It is said that young Sala expects to eclipse Dickens as a novelist. This the *Saturday Press* calls "The Sala-Boy's Dream."

THE dramatic critic of the *Express*, in an article on Wallack's Theatre last week, says that he confesses his ignorance. We admire the gentleman's candor.

M. ALPHONSE SAX, JR., has invented a new instrument which he calls the *trombone saxomphonique*. Why so brief a name?

SIR LOYCEGOOD, widely known as a writer of comic sketches, is, according to the *Tribune*, a conductor on a Nashville train of cars. We had always understood that he was the editor of a Tennessee paper.

MR. CHARLES G. LELAND, "Meister Karl," late editor of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, has given up his connection with that paper, and come to New York, to reside permanently.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY having attacked Tennyson's Idyls, is thus replied to by *Punch*:

"The Idyls a rhymester asperses—
O pub is, re, ice and be glad!
If he were not abusing good verses,
He'd be busily writing some bad."

MR. G. P. SHAW, of Bastrop, Texas, was a gentleman of "unfortunate" habits. He got very drunk one day, and his friends painted him green. When sober, his color rendered him so melancholy that he poisoned himself.

THE Queen of Beni, after having spent some time with her seraglio of twelve husbands at Pasempa, has abdicated the sovereignty in favor of one of her native generals, rejoicing in the name of Aroe Palatta, who has been proclaimed king.

NOTHING is talked of in Paris but the armor of Mlle. Vestrali in the part of Romeo. It is of aluminum, cost 16,000 francs, and only weighs four pounds. That worn by Madame Pasta in the same part was of fine steel, weighing thirty-seven pounds, was made at the royal works in Prussia, and cost nearly £2,000 in English money.

A MR. SHAISE, of England, has just invented a photographing apparatus which can be easily carried in the hand, and which, working by means of a tumbler similar to that of a gun, takes pictures with convenience and accuracy. Mr. Shaise has given to his invention the name of the "pistol-camera." Just imagine the proprietor of one of these cameras presenting arms in the street to a pretty woman, and muttering something like, "Your portrait or your life!" The lady, surprised and slightly frightened, remains for a moment motionless; she has already resolved to cry out, when the stranger, bowing politely, astonishes her still more with these words: "It is done, madame; I will carry it ever next my heart!" and then makes off without further explanation.

AT a German bath a gentleman recently executed an act *à la Mæzeppa*, which quite disconcerted the propriety of the *dile* assembled there. He was bathing in a secluded spot, when a man brought down his horses to water. One of them, however, was restive, and would not go in. The amiable bather came to the assistance of the man, who was afraid of wetting himself, and, mounting the animal with the courage of a Ræcy, kicked and worried him so long that at last he made a desperate plunge into the middle of the stream. But he was not content to stop there; he rushed to the opposite shore with a bound, flew like the wind to the high road, and, with the bather adhering to him in great terror, entered the town and passed along the fashionable parade with his burden half-dead with terror and shame. The upshot was—not an accident, but the rapid exit from the spa of the hero of this Mæzeppa episode.

THIS world is beginning to remember anecdotes of the life of Lord Seymour, and give them currency. How he was the first savat player, the best fencer, could knock the pipe out of his servant's mouth with a pistol-bullet at fifteen paces, and did do it. For which act of self-sacrifice, however, there is no compensatory legacy to him or to others. The Frenchmen say that, with all his skill, he drenched a duel—would never have fought—may, was even timid, not liking to go home late at night alone; and one evening, when he was late at a Boulevard café, he got the waiters to carry him home, paying the steeds with five Louis a-piece. Such things were the fashion in those days, and he took a pride in eccentricity; the Parisians putting all the eccentricities of the sons of Great Britain to his credit under the nickname of Lord Arsoult. But he began, like other great men, to weary of popularity, and his "doubles" annoyed him. One poor creature actually ruined himself in imitating the follies of Lord Seymour. No one can understand that he should have forgotten those who served him so well; it was his last act of eccentricity. We hear that he was perfectly calm and aware of his approaching end, getting out of his bed, carefully dressing himself, and meeting death reclining in an arm-chair.

LITERATURE.

WE have received from the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society the following excellent works: *The Life of Bishop Stewart, of Quebec*, by John N. Norton, an ably written biography of a good and learned man, the moral of whose life cannot fail to prove valuable and impressive; *Henry Eichenfels, and How he Came to a Knowledge of God*, from the German of Christoph Schmid, a pleasant tale, in which much worldly and heavenly information is conveyed in a manner at once attractive and convincing; *Unica: a Story for Girls*, by the author of "Uncle Jack," the "Fault Killer," &c., simply and pleasantly written, and an attractive tale for the young; *Magdala and Bethany*, by the Rev. F. C. Mendon, M.A., Rector of Broadwindsor, Dorset, England. This is a most beautiful little volume, breathing in every page the noblest sentiments of elevated thought and religious enthusiasm. It is written by a most remarkable man, and every line bears evidence of cultivated intellect, of broad and generous philanthropy, and of earnest conviction of the glorious truths of which he writes. We cordially commend this charming work.

G. P. PUTNAM, 115 Nassau street, has sent us *Bayard Taylor's Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete*. Next to passing a pleasant hour in company with the Chevalier Bayard, we esteem the privilege of accompanying him (on paper) in his wide and varied wanderings from place to place. He observes well,

he sees more than the mere groupings which attract the eye, and has the happy faculty of narrating what he sees easily, gracefully, and with piquancy and vividness. In every day's common place during his travels he presents to his readers a dozen striking photographs, in which we see standing out boldly but harmoniously, locality, costume and character fixed upon paper in the spirit of the instant. So admirable are his descriptive powers, he makes us see what he saw, and feel with him the impressions he received. We have been over the same ground a hundred times, but never more pleasantly than with Bayard Taylor. It would seem impossible to write anything new about this tourist-ridden route, but there is a freshness, an unpretentiousness in Bayard Taylor's manner and matter very pleasant to our taste, and quite free from that wondering bombast, that classic twaddle, and that obtrusive sentimentality which make up two-thirds of the journals of our modern tourists.

We have received much pleasure from reading *Bayard Taylor's Travels in Greece*, and very cordially commend the work to our readers. It is very handsomely got out, and illustrated from sketches made on the spot by the author.

THE APPLETONS have issued a very pleasant, amusing and useful volume, entitled *Breakfast, Dinner and Tea*, viewed classically, poetically and practically. The subject affords wide scope for one well versed in antiquarian lore, for that important occupation of life, eating and drinking, was a study with the ancients, and was more deeply considered even than it is with us. So many pleasant things have been said and written about *Breakfast, Dinner and Tea*, by men of all ages and all countries, that now we have before us a work upon the subject, we feel surprised that such a work has not appeared before.

The book is most charmingly written. It is a history of everything connected with the subjects, but freed from all the stiffness which generally accompanies that class of work. It gossips learnedly about the manners and customs of all nations, the introduction of many of our now most acceptable dishes, and a thousand things to interest and amuse, which have been caught floating about, or dug up from the dry records of unremembered books. It discourses of numerous curious dishes and feasts of all times and all countries, and gives, besides, incidentally, several hundred modern receipts of the most recherché character.

Breakfast, Dinner and Tea is a book which will not soon grow stale, for its contents are so varied, and amusement is so blended with fact and instruction that it will prove not only a constant household reference, but an unfailing source of interest and pleasure.

Breakfast, Dinner and Tea is served up in most elegant binding, on the finest paper, and with the clearest type. Messrs. Appleton have done a charming work the fullest possible justice.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA—FOURTEENTH STREET.—The Matinée of Saturday last was a grand success; the house was literally overflowing with the beauty and fashion of the city. It in a great measure redeemed the partial gloom cast over operatic affairs by the remarkably inclement weather. The Maretzek season closes this week. This evening (Wednesday) "Ernan" will be given, with Madame Gassier as Elvira. There will also be performances on Thursday and Friday evenings, and on Saturday, at one o'clock, the last brilliant Matinée of the season will be given, when the entire strength of the company will appear.

During next week, the company under Maretzek's direction will appear in Boston.

ARRIVAL OF MAURICE STRAKOSCH AND THE NEW ARTISTS FOR THE ACADEMY.—Maurice Strakosch arrived on Tuesday, 27th inst., in the Vanderbilt, and brought with him, so says the passenger list, twenty-two artists for the Academy of Music. Mr. Strakosch has been absent some three months, and has thoroughly searched the artistic world for novelties. It is said that he has secured the best in each department that could be procured. As far as we can learn, the leading ladies are Signorina Speranza and Signorina Crescimano, both young, of good repute, and very handsome. For contralto, Mlle. Cravelli is engaged. The tenor is Beauceudi, Stigella and Testa; and the baritone is Signor Ferri, as excellent, they say, as an artist, as he is handsome as a man.

This is a very strong company, and we may look for exciting times at the Academy after the 20th of October, when the regular season commences.

MADAME ANNA BIANCHI.—This admirable artist gave a brilliant and successful concert at Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, the 17th. She sang finely and excited the greatest enthusiasm. When shall we hear her in opera?

WAUGH'S "ITALY" AT HOPE CHAPEL.—Those who have not seen this beautiful panorama should lose no time in visiting Hope Chapel. It is one of the most charming exhibitions that we have seen for many a long day. It is admirably painted, the scenes are full of interest; some of the mechanical changes are fairy-like and delightful, and the descriptive lecture instructive and entertaining. Two hours cannot be spent more agreeably than in witnessing Waugh's "Italy" at Hope Chapel.

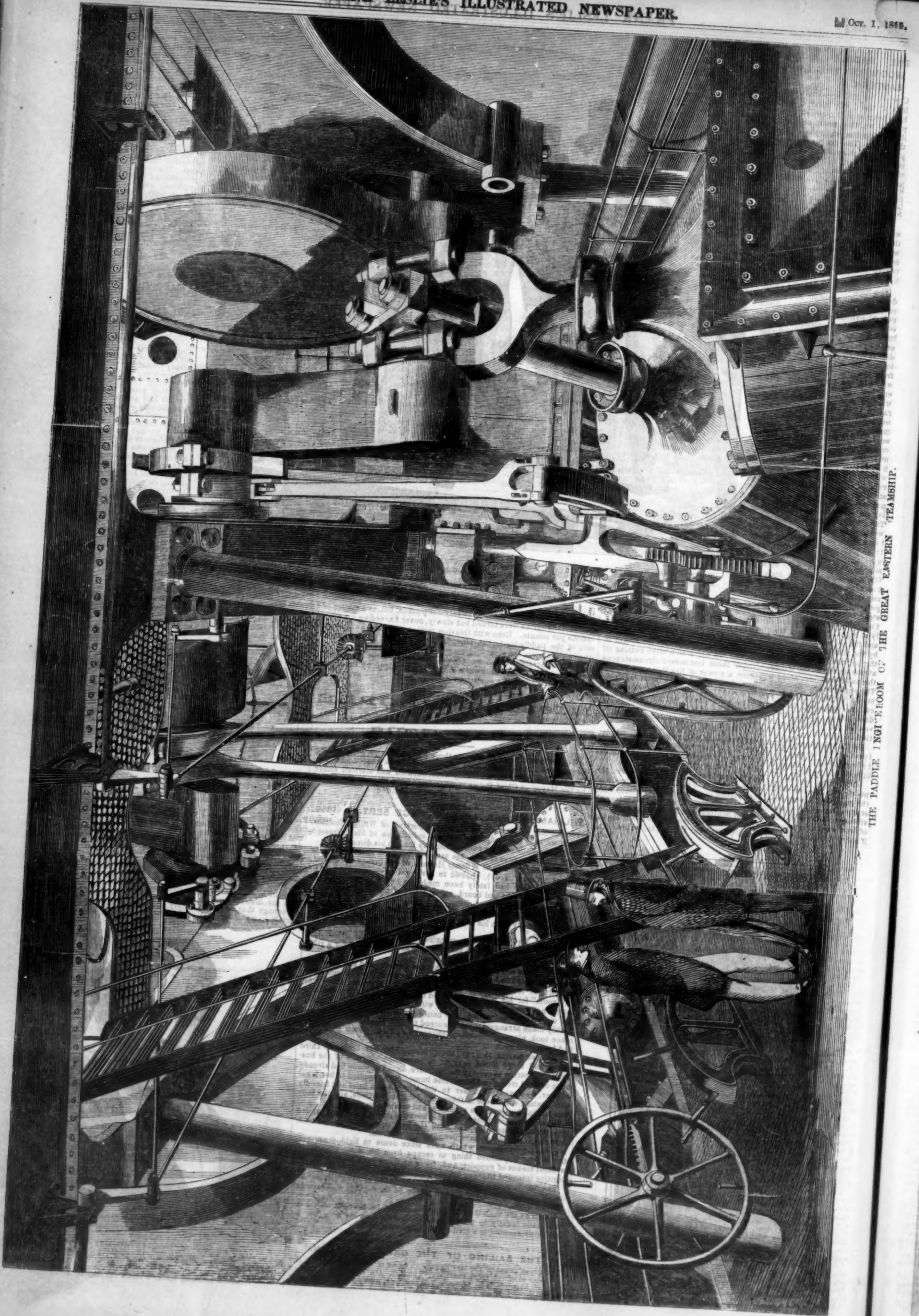
DRAMA.

THERE is nothing new to tell this week. At Laura Keane's the "World and the Stage" still keeps possession of the boards, and in spite of hostile critics, still fills the boxes with good-natured people and the treasury with solid dollars. The piece has been curtailed somewhat, and plays much clearer than at first, which of course is a great improvement.

THE WINTER GARDEN is on the top wave of popularity, still it nightly turns away crowds, who, despite the pelling of the pitiless storm that prevailed during the week, eagerly gather about the entrance striving to force their way in, not only anxious to witness the performance of the company in the pretty play called "Dot," but also to regale their sight with the fountains, flowers and sceneries that are a specialty at the Garden. How pleasant this house would be if the management would only profit by the hint given in our last, concerning the means of egress from the boxes and parquet. It makes one shudder to look in ever that happy crowd of people that nightly fill the seats, and then think of what a scene that brilliant house might be the theatre. Imagine that immense throng suddenly alarmed, pushing madly for the vestibule, where would be the smiling faces and laughing voices then? At such a moment each member of the crowd would suddenly recollect the narrow doors, and that thought would cause each and all to think only of their own safety. How easily could this be all changed, and a sense of security replace it. Only let an audience see and know that it is an easy matter to get out of the building in case of accident, and the majority would remain quiet until the alarm became certain, and then leave in proper order. We remember once being present at Niblo's when an alarm was occasioned by some lantern taking fire during one of the Ravel's pantomime. Some few people left their seats and made for the doors, but the greater part of the crowded audience simply looked around, saw the vestibule all open about them, the means of egress—from the auditorium proper at least—ample, and then quietly waited the result. The flames were speedily extinguished, the people finished their evening happy. Now had each person there suddenly remembered that in case the then burning flames should spread to the adjacent scenery, that there were but two or three narrow doorways through which the assembled mass of humanity must pass to reach the lobbies, each one would have determined to save himself in time, and in a moment the whole body would have been rushing pell-mell to the doors. These remarks apply to all our theatres, with the single exception of Niblo's; surely some architect could solve the problem, and render them each and all perfectly secure.

AT WALLACE'S the "Riding Passion," with its amusing incidents, keeps the house full of those who love fun, and we see by an announcement at the head of the bills, that when it is withdrawn we are to be treated to a charming novelty in the shape of the old comedies. Will managers never let the old comedies sleep in peace? surely they have done duly long enough to entitle them to last the repose of a season.

BARNEY WILLIAMS and his wife have returned; they are to act, we hear, at Niblo's. What a throng of old friends will welcome them home again. Mr. Eddy's season commences at this house about the 1st of October we are told, and Burton will be his first star, preceding the Williams. There be good times in store for us at Niblo's.



THE GREAT EASTERN TEAMSHIP.

THE PADDLE ENGINE-ROOM OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

CONTINUING the series of engravings of the Great Eastern, which have been so well received by the public, we this week select for illustration the engine-room and the stern. The great size of the paddle engine-rooms may be judged by the following dimensions of the engines:

Nominal horse-power.....1000
Number of engines.....4
Diameter of each cylinder.....74 inches
Length of stroke.....14 feet
Number of strokes per minute.....14

The engines are oscillating, and were built by Mr. Scott Russell, the builder of the vessel. They were commenced at the same time as the ship, and occupied about twelve months in their construction.

The weight of one of the cylinders, including piston and piston rod, is thirty-eight tons. Each pair of cylinders, with its crank, condenser and air pump, forms in itself a complete and separate engine; and each of the four cylinders is constructed so as to permit instant disconnection, if required, from the other three; so that the whole form a combination of four engines complete in themselves, whether worked together or separately. The two cranks are connected by a friction-clutch, by means of which the two pairs of engines can be connected or disconnected at a moment's warning, and by a single movement of the hand. The engines are provided with expansion-valves, throttle-valves and governors, all constructed on the most improved principles, and arranged for working in a most efficient manner. The combined paddle-engines will work up to an indicator power of three thousand horses, of thirty-three thousand pounds, when working eleven strokes per minute, with steam in the boiler at fifteen pounds upon the inch, and the expansion-valve cutting off at one-third of the stroke. But all the parts of the engines are so constructed and proportioned that they will work safely and smoothly at eight strokes per minute, with the steam at twenty-five pounds, and full on without expansion (beyond what is unavoidably effected by the slides); or at sixteen strokes per minute, with the steam in the boiler at twenty-five pounds, and the expansion-valve cutting off at one-fourth of the stroke. Under these last-named circumstances the paddle-engines alone will give a power of five thousand horses. The engines are, of course, furnished with all the latest improvements for perfect and economical working, including the best lubricators, registering tell-tales, engine-room clocks, and gauges of every description. There are also permanent indicators to each cylinder, so that the performance of each will be constantly under observation.

On the occasion of the completion of the ship, when steam was let into the cylinders for the first time, the interest of the visitors seemed to be centred in the paddle engines, and the engine-room and hatches, in spite of the heat, were crowded with eager lookers-on.

On the first movement of the gigantic cranks and cylinders of the paddle engines the great masses slowly rose and fell as noiselessly as the engines of a ferry-boat, but exerting in their great revolutions what seemed to be an almost irresistible power. There was no noise, no vibration, nor the slightest sign of heating, and the tremendous frame of iron work at once sprang into life and motion with as much ease as if every rod and crank had been worked for the last ten years. The



Morning Chronicle Reporter.
Mr. Roberts, Manufacturer of the Chain Cable.

Times Reporter.
Mr. Lovatt, Assistant to Mr. Brunel.

Mr. Jacomb, Chief Assistant to Mr. Brunel.
Mr. Brunel.

Mr. Fredwall, Contractor for the Ways.

MR. BRUNEL DIRECTING THE LAUNCH OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

steam in the boilers was about twenty-one pounds, but, as a matter of course, the engines were turned but slowly, never exceeding six revolutions per minute. Even with this slow motion and the slight immersion of the paddle-floats, the effect of the enormous power was at once visible upon the ship.

In the illustration which we give of the stern of the vessel, the propeller is not exhibited, but its size may be judged by the space left in the dead wood to receive it.

MISSING PEOPLE AND DEFAULTERS.

We would say, emphatically, to those parties who purpose sending us portraits and information of missing individuals, absconders, &c., that the documents must be duly authenticated and attested either by the Mayor or Chief Police Authorities of the place. We cannot insert any communication under any other conditions.

WILLIAM HOLMES, MISSING SINCE SEPT. 3, 1859.

In another column will be found the portrait of William Holmes, which we have inserted at the earnest solicitation of his distressed wife, in the hope that its publication may lead to his discovery.

The circumstances of the case are as follows: A short time since Mrs. Holmes (the wife of William Holmes, of the firm of Lockwood, Holmes & Co., of Troy), applied to her legal adviser in respect to the request that had lately been made by her husband, that she would leave his bed and board on account of an alleged want of "spiritual affinity."

She was advised to remain perfectly inactive, beyond firmly refusing to comply with his wishes, in order to throw the onus of the case on him.

This she did, and matters remained quiet until the other day, when her husband proposed taking the whole family out for a ride, and the proposition was acceded to.

The children were made ready by the mother, and she prepared to go herself. The husband drove up to the door, the children were helped into the carriage, when he suddenly discovered there was no "room" for his wife, and started off, promising that his absence should not exceed an hour. The wife, naturally suspicious under the circumstances, waited two hours for their return, when she hastily made arrangements to proceed to Troy at once. This occurrence took place at Charlton, Saratoga county, where the family had been on a visit.

Upon her arrival at Troy, she proceeded to her house, 47 Third street, and there found persons in possession—friends of the husband—preparing to remove the furniture, &c. The piano had already been carried from the house. She immediately applied to her legal adviser, who went with her to the house, and a brief and friendly consultation with those in there ended their operations, and the lady was left in charge of the premises, and remains so still.

It has been ascertained that the husband and children proceeded directly to Schenectady, and took the cars west, it is believed from that city. No tidings have been learned of them.

From circumstances which have since come to light, it appears that it was a planned thing to escape from his wife, who is left without means of support, and, from what we have said above, the fugitive intended to leave her without a home.

The firm to which he belonged issued a notice of their dissolution, dated on the 1st September, and on the 3d the fugitive was seen for the last time.

Our laws are such that the fugitive cannot be brought back here and made legally to answer for the desertion of his wife, but he can be prosecuted in a civil action wherever found.

THE SAILING OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

The great event of the last European news is the departure of the monster steamer from the River Thames. On the 9th September she left her moorings, and reached Purfleet, where she anchored for the night.

Her departure from her moorings, accompanied by four powerful tugs, two at the bows and two at the stern, gave rise to a scene of great enthusiasm on the Thames, which was continued at all the prominent points. Captain Harrison and the most experienced Thames pilot directed the ship's motions. Mr. Scott Russell was on the bridge directing the action of the engines, both of which, screw and paddle, were under steam. Captain Comstock, of the Collins steamer Baltic, stood aft to transmit directions to the men at the wheel, the new steering apparatus not being completely fitted. The first turn in the river demonstrated that the ship was as completely under command as a river steamer, and that the only difficulties to contend with was the sharp curves in the stream. She steers as easily as a wager boat, and her engines were found capable of starting her or arresting her motion literally almost by a single motion of the hand. The only difficulty experienced was at Blackwall Point, where the river forms an acute angle, and in the centre of the channel at this point, a bark and a schooner had unfortunately anchored. There was an anxious and perilous delay of fifteen minutes, but the danger was passed, and there was no other serious cause for uneasiness. There was not a single regular seaman on board during the river trip, the crew not having joined.

There were perfect ovations at Greenwich, Blackwall, Woolwich, and other points, where immense crowds had assembled. At Purfleet the ship swung round to her single anchor in beautiful style, and the anchor, Trotman's patent, never yielded an inch from the spot where it dropped.

On the 18th the Great Eastern got up steam and weighed anchor, and at 8:40 A.M. started from Purfleet for the North. As on the preceding day, she was accompanied by tugs, and the enthusiasm along the river, particularly at Gravesend, was very great. On arriving at Chapman's Head, at the top of Sea Reach, the tugs were cast off, and the great vessel was left to herself. Increased speed was then got on her, simply to give her good steerage way and move her engines readily, but with no view to test her power. In ten minutes, however, says the correspondent of the Times, she set at rest all

doubts for ever as to her being the fastest vessel, beyond comparison, in the world. Employing less than two-thirds of her power, in her worst trim, being six inches down by the head, and too high out of water to permit her paddles or screw blades to work properly, and with a strong tide against her, she ran a distance of fifteen statute miles in two minutes under an hour. The engines worked with astonishing ease, and there was scarcely a vibration perceptible. Before anchoring, the vessel was put about, and went completely round in less than three-quarters of a mile. At half-past twelve o'clock the vessel anchored at the North. She was to leave the North at seven o'clock in the morning of the 9th, and steam away easily for Portland, Dorsetshire, which harbor was expected to reach early on the morning of the 10th. Much regret was felt that serious illness prevented Mr. Brunel from being on board to share in the triumph.

LATEST.—The Great Eastern left the North at a quarter past nine o'clock on Friday morning, the 9th September, and, with a strong westerly wind and thick rain, was off Dover at three P.M.

THE SPECTRAL BATTLE-FIELD.

THE Paris correspondence of the London Court Journal has the following gossip concerning the Emperor Napoleon:

"The celebrated Carthusian nun, Colette, has arrived in Paris to accomplish the cure of an exalted and illustrious personage, who, ever since the battle of Solferino, is said to have suffered so intensely from nervous shocks that sleep has entirely abandoned him; and that, consequently, he has been compelled to turn night into day, and, by transacting business after midnight, obtains a slight degree of repose at dawn. The form of torture which this distressing disease has taken is that of hallucination of the most impressive kind, nothing less than the most horrible and sickening scenes of the battle being enacted over again each night visibly to the eye—no effect of the imagination, no image of the fevered brain, but in all their brute horror and ghastly carnage. The people here declare that the distress was so great on the first arrival of the illustrious personage that one most deeply interested in his welfare took upon herself to write the story of the case to the Pope, having more faith



THIRTEEN SHOT.

Made by E. Gregory, of San Andreas, California.

FOR BILLIARD COLUMN SEE PAGE 278.



WILLIAM HOLMES, MISSING SINCE SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

in the spiritual aid of his Holiness than in the physical succor of the whole universe of doctors already called in. The answer sent by his Holiness was borne by *Sœur Colette* in person, and the result of her visit is already visible in the calmed nerves and soothed brain of the illustrious personage, who, although still far from sufficiently recovered to be able to take his hours of repose like the rest of the world, is so much improved as to remain silent during the attacks of the hallucination, instead of telling aloud, and with unconsciously hurried speech, the story of the bloody visions passing before his eyes.

Poor little Napoleon! What would Napoleon le Grand say to such squeamishness? Why Johnson, the hero, or rather the Herod of the Solferino of infants, is never troubled with remorse. Poor Louis Napoleon! Unhappy will milk! Murders don't sit the same on all consciences!

A FRENCHMAN'S IDEA OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.

M. LOIRNE, in his "France and England Considered," is evidently bitter with those evidences of feudal greatness, so utterly at variance with our American notions. As a specimen of what these writers consider as the sources of national prosperity, we give two passages. This treatise of the country life of the English nobility:

"In place of living obscurely, or ostentatiously expending their wealth in cities or at the court, they live on their domains in the centre of their vassals and tenant-farmers, such is the name they now bear. The season in London lasts for three months at most, but scarcely has it terminated when all the families hasten to return to their country seats, and hold their court there. I do not exaggerate, the expression is true. In the vast dwellings, formerly constructed by the nobles, by the conquered, by the Saxons, it is not rare to see collected about a hundred persons. Sport follows sport, dinners, balls, and theatrical entertainments occupy the evening. The castles, which recall our noble chateaux of Fontainebleau, or Compiègne, have all saloons for theatrical amusements, concerts and balls. A newspaper, the *Morning Post*, announces daily in England the noble visitors who arrive at the different residences, and the parties that are given. All the nation associates itself with this splendor, and applauds the intellectual luxury. The great families are thus known, loved and respected."

He thus mournfully asks what has become of the nobility of France, as though a race of dancing-masters, frog-eaters and swallows of *essuicr* could produce anything except barbers, cooks and tightrope dancers:

"Where are the descendants of the companions of Merovee and Clovis? Where are the descendants of the Crusaders? Where are the representatives of the great feudal families of the Middle Ages, the Dukes of Brittany and Burgundy, the Counts of Nevers and of Artois? Where are the sons of the gentlemen who have spread so high and so far the glory of French chivalry? Has not each reign in France brought forward new names? Did the nobility of Francis the First descend from the nobility of Charles the Seventh? Did the nobility of Louis the Fourteenth descend from the nobility of the Bernards? Hardly from one century to another did a name survive? All died in France, all died away; and yet so admirably gifted is the nation that each generation brought with it imperishable glory. Everything lived and was perpetuated in England."

He thus, we think somewhat fancifully, draws the difference between the French and English children:

"In France the child is brought up, develops itself, grows, and studies under the eyes of its mother. If he walks, she watches him; if he speaks, she listens; if he weeps, she pities him; if he laughs, she laughs with him; if he plays, she joins him. His thoughts, emotions, tears or smiles, joys or griefs—all are shared. The family is not numerous, hardly more than two or three brothers and sisters; but this little world lives under the eyes of the father and mother, and the anxious, active, foreseeing affection of the latter anticipates their wants and wishes. In England there is nothing parallel. There you will not find the tender intimacy and foresight of our domestic hearths. Almost as soon as a child is born it is confided to strange hands—a Frenchwoman or German takes care of it, and teaches it her own language. Later it joins its numerous brothers and sisters, and plays and studies with them, under the care of a governess. Once a day, at lunch, the father and mother descend and mix with their children; and in these short moments, when the family is united, I do not know whether respect does not close their young mouths and restrain the rapture of their youthful hearts. The repast finished, the noisy recreation follows, animated and joyous, far from their parents, in separate apartments, under the cold and indifferent eye of the governess."

There may be some truth in this, but from the distinctiveness thus complained of much of the Englishman's individuality and independence are derived.

THE MONK HUSBAND.

A Tale of the Revolution.

ONE of the oldest and most powerful names in Brittany—that of Lantivy—is now defending its honor, tooth and nail, for it has been usurped too long, and it has grown weary with suffering the abuse. In the year 1788, a Countess de Maurey, being separated from her husband for certain peccadilloes, as was much the fashion then the same as now, was living in a convent, which, by-the-by, has ceased to be the mode in the like case now-a-days. The convent chosen was that of Buron, which possessed for spiritual director of the ladies, a handsome young monk of Fontevault, whose name was Daviere. In a year or two the revolution broke out—monks and nuns became obsolete and forbidden things, and Daviere became the priest of the small village of Aze, while the countess, quite bewildered, not knowing where to fly to shelter her innocence, naturally bethought herself that it would nowhere be so securely protected as with her spiritual adviser and confessor, her spiritual father in God, the handsome young monk of Fontevault. Ah, but from bad to worse. After the suppression of convents came the suppression of priests and of aristocrats of all kinds—the monk disappeared, the countess was arrested, conveyed to prison, convicted of being well born, and sentenced to death. The night before her execution, while she was on her knees imploring Heaven for mercy at the witching hour of twelve, the door of her cell creaked upon its hinges, and her jailer stood before her and whispered in her ear, "Consent to become my wife and your sentence shall be revoked."

The countess shuddered, her aristocratic instincts gave her disgust and loathing at the idea of such a union—but the love of life in one so young and beautiful overcame other scruples, and she murmured, "But my husband—" But that was no

objection in those days. The count's emigration had classed him among the legally dead, and a divorce from this travelling corpse could be had for the asking for—and so in a few days the beautiful Countess Maurey, preserving her fortune as Mademoiselle de Lantivy, became the wife of Citizen Daviere; for the handsome young monk of Fontevault, the pious confessor of Buron, the humble village priest of Aze, the jailer of the prison of Laval, had become no other than the Citizen Daviere.

One son was born of this marriage. He is now an old man, being born in 1795. He has been called from his childhood Daviere de Lantivy, and the present suit is instituted against him and his family for bearing the name, by the Counts de Lantivy, who having been what they call defrauded of their rightful inheritance by the carrying away of the dowry of the Countess de Maurey—which would have returned to the Lantivys if she had not married Daviere—thinks it very hard that the name itself, as well as the money, should likewise have passed to the unskirted monk of Fontevault. The case is a very difficult one to judge at the Paris bar, as one of the most exalted of its members stands in precisely the same position as the son of Daviere the monk, and the decision now about to be given may expose him to the same liability of attack by the relations of his mother, whose name he bears. This case is watched with the greatest interest, for if carried for judgment to a higher tribunal, it will most likely be submitted to the verdict of that very authority whose name is European, whose power is unbounded in questions of law, and who will thereby establish a precedent which may condemn his children, if not himself, to the same humiliation as that, perhaps, in preparation for Daviere de Lantivy.

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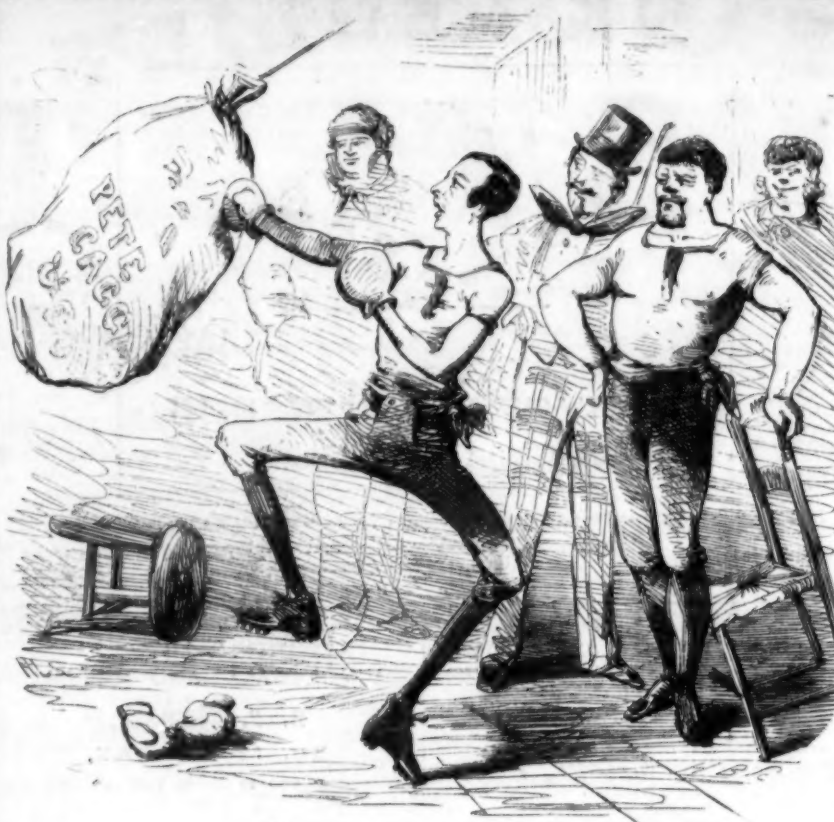
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